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The Forestry Army at the Front

The Busy Relief Camps Where 310,000 Recruits Are Carrying On a Peace-Time Conservation Campaign—and Their Future

By Charles W. B. Hurd
Washington Bureau of the New York *Times*

BORN as a means of giving wide-spread work relief, the largest peace-time army ever mustered by the United States is conducting a brand-new type of war.

The army, khaki clad for the most part, living a regimented life in encampments with military equipment, serving under an oath and quasi-military discipline enforced not too rigorously by officers of the Regular Army and the military reserve, is known as the Civilian Conservation Corps.

Wide World

C. W. B. Hurd

This is a gathering of 310,000 men, mostly quite young, enlisted to preserve the national forests and to perform all the other functions which by the most loosely drawn construction come within the meaning of the word "conservation."

Of all the relief plans fostered by President Roosevelt, this probably is most his own. Conservation of natural resources was his hobby as Governor of New York State. As President, he literally "sold" the idea to the country by advancing it as a means of putting money into empty pockets on a large scale in return for honest work of a nebulous, but nevertheless proven, value.

Now, with the whole plan in operation, the relief phase already has just about been forgotten; the Civilian Conservation Corps, informally known as the forestry army, appears to be virtually a permanent body.

On August 18, President Roosevelt extended the life of the camps by six months. He ordered that the full strength of the Conservation Corps be continued through next fall and winter, giving men without work or prospects of work authority to reenlist at the end of their present six-month enlistments for a like period, and ordering that where men found work in civilian life their places be filled by needy applicants.

The future of the forestry army, of course, depends principally on whether the Government can stand the cost—food for the army alone costs $100,000 per day. The question for the future to determine is whether the Government can spend millions of dollars annually to perpetuate forests, to create new ones, to reclaim waste lands in this manner in the face of rather doubtful financial returns.

But in the meantime the forestry army is a definite, substantial thing, not as a group of men begrudgingly going through the motions of work in order to receive a dole but, so far as this writer has seen, a happy, proud, and eager body of young men giving an honest bit of work in return for honest wages, paid in money and in kind.

Despite his fathering of the forestry army, President Roosevelt had his first glimpse of a segment of it on August 12, when he drove 180 miles from the southern tip to the northern end of the Shenandoah National Park to see five camps in operation. Incidentally, with a slight detour he could have visited a sixth, known already as a model camp, but he vetoed the suggestion, as he wanted to see "run-of-the-mill" camps. He saw them, and he said:

"I need only look at you boys to be sure of the success of the camps."

Each of the camps was typical of the others, typical of 1,463 scattered throughout the country, but concentrated most heavily in the mountainous forest areas of the East and the Far West. In each camp are between 190 and 200 "recruits." Over them ordinarily are two Army officers empowered to maintain order. Within each camp, where possible, are twenty-five to thirty local men who know the country; there are also a handful of specially selected men familiar with the type of work to be done in this particular camp.

The camps take on rather a strong mili-

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS AIDS LUNCH AT A CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CAMP

Seated, left to right, are: Maj.-Gen. Paul B. Malone, Louis McHenry Howe, the President's secretary; Secretary Harold L. Ickes of the Interior Department; Robert Fechner, director of the corps; the President; Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture and Rexford G. Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture

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tary aspect due to the fact that the Army supplies the clothing and equipment, work shirts and trousers and heavy-duty shoes.

The men live in squad tents, arranged with detailed precision on two sides of a "company street," exactly as do soldiers when in camp. In the tents, each accommodating eight men, are the cots and blankets of the regular service, and a neatness associated only with military training.

The only permanent building in most camps is the mess hall, built to regulation standard, with its kitchen in which operate three cooks and three assistant cooks, selected from the ranks where available, and trained in the art of providing three "squares" daily on a ration allowance of about thirty-five cents per man.

Reveille is sounded at 6.15 A. M., work starts at 8 and ends at 4, tattoo for lights out in tents is blown at 9, and taps at 10.45.

All this only supplements a civilian activity, but the forestry camps already are proving that a moderate dose of enforced discipline brings out something in a young man that nothing else can.

Valuable Discipline

First of all picture a youth of nineteen or twenty years of age, without a job, and looked to for assistance in supporting his family. Beaten before he has a chance to start in life, he is sleeping in flop houses, eating in bread lines, begging a dime on the street when hunger destroys the last vestige of his pride. He is ready to follow the lead of the first spellbinding agitator, not because he wants to, but because he can see no other way out.

That picture is not exaggerated; it typifies the average youth drawn into the forestry army, with allowances made for each specific case.

None of these camps is much more than three months old, but what did the President and those with him on his tour of inspection see?

At each stop, as his car was driven into the camp, he found a company of tanned young men standing at "attention" in double file. Their clothes were coarse but clean. Their tents, with side flaps pinned up, displayed the most orderly appearance. They were proud young men, with faces washed and hair neatly combed, anxious to outdo each other in their display of discipline. With Army sergeants barking orders they held their lines until dismissed and invited to come up and greet the President.

And when they were invited to shake the President's hand, like boys well fed and happy, they laughingly fought each other to get close to him. There might have been some connection between their good spirits and the fact that each of the 310,000 men in the forestry army has gained on an average of twelve pounds in weight.

They work hard, they eat well, but most of all they again lead ordered lives and earn something for their families.

Personnel of the Army

The young men described are samples of the great bulk of the forestry army. They number, this type of enrolled youth, some 240,000. In addition the camps contain 30,000 experienced foresters mingled among the younger men. Separate forestry camps accommodate 26,000 veterans of the World War, who average about fifteen years older in age than the average recruit. Finally, there are 14,400 Indians, occupying 200 camps in the West, who have with them

THE OLD VETERANS OF THE CONSERVATION ARMY WILL HAVE SOMETHING WORTH BRAGGING ABOUT
—Thomas in the Detroit *News*

their squaws and their papooses, and who are doing forestry work on reservations.

Four government departments contribute to the forestry army, whose head is Robert Fechner, a blunt-spoken gentleman with a grade-school education, who mingles equally well with his charges and the President's "brain trust."

The Department of Labor selected the recruits for the forestry army; the War Department enrolled, equipped and conditioned the men, and the Departments of Agriculture and Interior set out their work.

The "general staff" of the forestry army consists of Mr. Fechner, entitled Director of Emergency Conservation Work, and assistants designated by the President as follows: Col. Duncan K. Major, Jr., U. S. A.; Maj. R. Y. Stuart, chief forester of the United States Forest Service, in the Department of Agriculture; A. G. Cammerer, Director of the National Park Service of the Interior Department, and W. Frank Persons, of the Department of Labor.

The men were enlisted by quotas from the States in accordance with population. Aside from the special classes, selection of recruits was made from men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, unemployed, unmarried, and with dependents. In practise, a great many of them were taken from unemployment-relief rolls in the cities. Married men were not enlisted, except for the Indian camps and the instructors, because the Government did not wish to separate families.

Each of the forestry workers receives $30 a month and all his living requirements. In each camp, however, there are half-a-dozen youths who have won the rank of leaders or assistant leaders, a rank acknowledged by the bestowal of red chevrons, whose pay ranges as high as $45 per month.

Virtually none of these receives all of his salary, however, as the portion allotted to dependents is sent to them direct. This ranges as high as $25 out of the $30 wage of the average worker. In this manner it is estimated that 1,000,000 persons actually receive support as the result of the work done by the forestry army.

The oath of the forestry army worker binds him to serve six months, unless sooner discharged, but already plans are afoot to buy more land in the South—some $5,000,000 worth—in order that Southern camps may be provided in the winter and the men thereby given indefinite jobs.

The forestry workers are not on a picnic, and few of them experience the glamour of walking, ax on shoulder, amidst towering trees. More often than not their camps are pitched in scrub growth, and their work could hardly be termed adventure.

The Tasks They Meet

As a sample of their program, here are eight items, aside from flood-control and soil erosion-prevention work, laid out for them:

1. Construction of 40,000 to 50,000 miles of horse and truck trails in the forests.

2. Construction of 12,000 miles of telephone lines.

3. Building of a minimum of 4,000 miles of fire-breaks.

4. Improvement of at least 5,000,000 acres through thinning and clearing.

5. Conducting campaigns against tree diseases and insects on 10,000,000 acres.

6. Fighting rodents, such as prairie dogs, on 6,000,000 acres.

7. Removal of fire hazards from hundreds of thousands of acres of land.

8. Planting of trees on a minimum of 300,000 acres.

That is the most general description of the work that is being done; it breaks down into thousands of details. But untrained as the recruits were at the start, they have "warmed up" to their work and developed an esprit de corps, best illustrated by the fact that in many of the camps the men have themselves pitched in with a will to do individual tasks.

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Our Big Industries Under Code Control

THE first great objective of the NRA has been reached.

It is the agreement on codes by the big key industries of the country—textiles, oil, coal, steel, automobiles—the largest in terms of employment and those presenting the most difficult problems. It was the delay caused by these problems that led to the promulgation of the "blanket codes."

The adoption of the so-called permanent codes in these industries was hastened in the last days of August by hints that the President would impose codes on procrastinating industries.

What is called a "last trench victory" for the NRA in the adoption of these major codes—making nineteen fairly important industries permanently provided for—is deemed highly encouraging by the press. Some hundreds of minor codes are expected to be worked out rapidly. General Johnson claims, not the 5,000,000 predicted by some optimists, but perhaps 2,000,000 people back on the payrolls by reason of the NRA's summer activities, with a consequent addition of $30,000,000 a week to the country's purchasing power.

Problems Ahead

Of course, the New York *Journal of Commerce* notes, the NRA program is still confronted with a number of problems:

"The question of unionized versus non-unionized labor, the problem of price-fixing, are two that have yet to be faced squarely and solved. However, price-fixing may be restricted to a few commodities, and then only applied temporarily when there appears to be no other alternative for immediate relief.

"The question of the relation between price and wage movements in major industries also deserves the utmost attention."

An important problem now engaging the attention of President Roosevelt and General Johnson is how to procure from the banks, the Federal Reserve System, and the RFC, more credit for employers hard pressed financially by NRA obligations.

From now on attention can be centered on the permanent legal codes, writes Mark Sullivan in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"These regular codes and the whole NRA come to an end two years from enactment. The President's principal power of legal discipline comes to an end with one year from enactment, which is only nine and one-half months from now.

"What will happen will be a twenty-one-month trial of the NRA as a workable basis for American industry."

In perfecting the codes for oil and lumber, the big problems were price-fixing and production control.

The lumber code is a complete "undertalking in industrial self-government." It establishes a "Lumber Code Authority." The code recognizes differentials in hours and wages because of varying geographical conditions and varying conditions of work with different kinds of lumber. The longest work week allowed is 40 hours, the lowest hourly wage 23 cents. Productions control is established by a complicated system. The code elaborately regulates sales practises, grading and price agreements, and enters into the conservation field by enjoining reforestation.

WATCHFUL WAITING
—Bachelder in the New York *Daily News*

The oil industry is practically put under Government control, largely because of the inability of different elements in the industry to reach an agreement. The President was made the overlord of the industry, and deputed the administration to Secretary of the Interior Ickes, who would seem to be the Cabinet man-of-all work. Mr. Ickes heads an Oil Planning and Conservation Committee of fifteen. A discretionary experimental price-fixing section—with a ninety-day time limit—is included, which applies to the basic price of gasoline. Production control is left in the hands of the States but with certain extremely important powers given to the oil Administration. Maximum weekly work hours range from 40 to 48 and minimum hourly wages range from 45 to 52 cents.

The price and production fixing provisions of these two codes seem to Ralph West Robey, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, to be a definite move into Socialism, what with our Government preparing to tell the people what they shall pay for certain commodities and how much of certain things they shall have the privilege of consuming. And yet, he admits, this authority comes at the demand of those within the industries concerned.

Steel, Coal, Motors

In the case of steel, automobiles, and coal, labor problems were primarily responsible for delays. The steel code is another elaborate document reflecting the highly organized state of the industry under the American Iron and Steel Institute. It provides a maximum work week of forty hours and minimum wages varying from 25 cents to 40 cents per hour through 21 wage districts. The directors of the Institute are to be the code authority and there is an elaborate regulation of procedure on prices, sales practises, and trade information. The Steel Institute withdrew its original company-union clause. The code as adopted carries a ninety-day time limit.

The more liberal newspapers are disappointed over the steel code, particularly with regard to hours and collective bargaining, and yet any steps forward in this, the most important industry of the country, are cause of congratulation, in the opinion of the Washington *News*.

In preparing the automobile code, again the chief stumbling block was labor. A definite recognition of the open shop was rejected by the Recovery Administration. In place of this there is an affirmation of the employers' right to "hire and fire" irrespective of membership in any organization, which President Green of the American Federation of Labor accepts temporarily, promising a possible legal contest later on. This code is expected to add 40,000 to the 300,000 workers now employed at the present rate of automobile production. An average maximum factory work week of 35 hours is established, with a 48-hour week allowed in peak seasons. Minimum hourly factory wages range from 40 to 43 cents. The trade authority is the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

The bituminous coal code was stubbornly fought over for a month. It was one of the biggest achievements of the NRA when representatives of the United Mine Workers of America, of the union operators of the North, and the non-union operators of the South were finally brought together in amicable conference. The great feature of the soft coal agreement is the practical recognition of the union by all operators, marking the end of years of bitter strife. It is thought that the settlement will reemploy 100,000 men.

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The World's Troublesome Wheat Mountain

Stacked up in two-bushel bags, upon a base one acre in area, the world's surplus wheat would form a mountain or tower extending three and a half miles upward into the sky.

That's the way Secretary of Agriculture Wallace visualizes the world's wheat glut; and that picture must have been in his mind as he announced a decision which assures this country's unreserved cooperation in the Wheat Pact recently signed by twenty-two nations.

HE PLEDGES COOPERATION

Secretary of Agriculture Wallace will help relieve the world's wheat glut

According to Secretary Wallace's announcement, American wheat-growers must pledge a reduction of fifteen per cent. in their next plantings. On the basis of a complete sign-up among the nations of the Wheat Pact, this reduction of acreage will mean a cut next year of approximately 9,600,000 acres in wheat planting, and a decrease of more than 124,000,000 bushels in production.

The success of the Wheat Pact was contingent upon a supplementary agreement of the four greatest wheat-exporting countries—United States, Canada, Australia and Argentina—to put production and exportation upon a quota basis. Among these four, Canada and our own country have set the pace in prompt, unreserved and hearty ratification of the pact. After some hesitation, Argentina agreed to sign the pact.

The four principal exporting countries are required to limit their total exports for the year beginning August 1 to 560,000,000 bushels. Representatives of the "big four" among the wheat-growing countries have opened negotiations with Russia, through which they hope that the Soviets will agree to reduce their export quota from 75,000,000 bushels to a maximum of 50,000,000.

Three main agreements are featured in this pact: (1) exporting countries promise to reduce either their acreage or their exports 15 per cent. during 1934-35, compared with the allocations working out for the present year; (2) importing countries promise not to encourage the expansion of their own production (once prices have been maintained for four months at a given minimum level, tariffs on wheat will be readjusted downward); (3) international price of wheat agreed upon is 63.08 cents a bushel, gold (or around 91 cents at current dollar exchange quotations).

As this world experiment begins, with hesitations and reservations and misgivings, experts who have examined Secretary Wallace's "mountain of wheat" seek to encourage the doubting Thomases among the signatories by declaring that wheat alone is not the whole question. It's the life or death, as they see it, of the whole case of world cooperation. The recovery of all world trade is involved—so Sir William Haldane and R. J. Thompson point out in London. If international action is possible with wheat, its maintenance at a stable level may well be the first step toward a general improvement in prices all around.

The world owes much of its knowledge of the colossal and overpowering magnitude of the wheat glut to calculations of the Food Research Institute of Stanford University in California. Quoting the findings of this institute, the London *Times* points out that the present crisis originated in the enormous world crop of 1928, which left an unused stock of 850,000,000 bushels, or about 350,000,000 in excess of stock normally at hand at the season's end. In following years, world production has approximately equaled consumption, but the unwanted surplus has increased steadily.

Surplus wheat has been concentrated mainly in the United States and Canada. Prices have fallen to a level far below anything previously recorded. With this disastrous plunge, wheat has pulled down the prices of other cereals, indirectly affected the values of live stock, and wrought disaster to the purses and health of a large section of the world's population.

For several years the Department of Agriculture has urged a reduction of wheat acreage in all areas where cost of production is relatively high. The cooperation of American wheat-growers in the furtherance of the Wheat Pact is said to be assured by the Agricultural Adjustment administration, by which, if all farmers sign up, something like $120,000,000 will be paid to them in benefits—28 cents a bushel on the domestically consumed portion of the average three years' consumption. To raise money for such payments, a processing tax is already operative.

Wheat-growing has been, and still is, one of the great industries of the United States. But, as many editors point out, wheat can not prosper with an eternal surplus hanging over it. In the Wheat Pact and our cooperation and leadership in it, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* finds a ray of hope:

"What we can and must do is to stop producing a surplus."

The Authority's Policy For Muscle Shoals Power

An aggressive governmental attitude toward private power interests is foreshadowed in the eleven-point statement of policy recently made for the Tennessee Valley Authority by David E. Lilienthal. "The business of generating and distributing electric power is a public business. Private and public interests in the business of power are of a different kind and quality, and should not be confused," says the statement for the Authority.

For the time being, at least, the Authority's plan is to confine its activities to certain areas. But it claims the right, under certain circumstances, to extend operations. "Among such special considerations would be unreasonably high rates for service, and a failure or absence of public regulation to protect the public interest."

The Authority's assumption of the superiority of public interest is emphasized repeatedly by Mr. Lilienthal.

"The interest of the public in the widest possible use of power is superior to any private interest," he says.

"The fact that action by the authority may have an adverse economic effect upon a privately owned utility should be a matter for the serious consideration of the board in framing and executing its power program, but it is not the determining factor."

Altho many applications for power have come to the Authority, present plans include only these areas:

"The region immediately proximate to the route of the transmission line soon to be constructed by the Authority between Muscle Shoals and the site of Norris Dam.

"The region in proximity to Muscle Shoals, including northern Alabama and northeastern Mississippi.

"The region in the proximity of Norris Dam (the new source of power to be constructed by the Authority on the Clinch River in northeast Tennessee)."

The reception of the TVA statement was of an easily predictable sort—public ownership against private enterprise.

The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* remarks that it would "like to hear Mr. Roosevelt's rule of demarcation between public and private interest—if the latter is any longer to exist."

The Philadelphia *Record*, however, sees the Muscle Shoals project as a welcome clarifier of the rate dispute. If the Authority's rates are substantially the same as private rates, or lower only by such amounts as private companies pay for taxes and amortization charges, the private companies will be vindicated. But if the Authority's rates "are much lower, even after allowance for taxes and amortization, then the rates of private utilities comparably located will have to be reduced."

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Giving Our Gold-Miners a Break

In California and Colorado there have been grumblings that the gold-miner deserved a better break. He was one producer who was not allowed to benefit by the increasing dollar price of his product in recent months. So a cheer arises from the mining camps in the mountains, and from the traders in gold stocks on our exchanges, as the Government gives the American gold producer the benefit of the high prices in the gold markets of the world.

Miners, instead of selling their product at the legal United States rate of $20.67 an ounce, will receive the world price which has lately been hovering around $30 an ounce. But users of non-monetary gold, like jewelers and dentists, will have to pay the world price which they will probably pass on to their customers.

As far as the gold producers are concerned, the new executive ruling is a matter of simple justice, an unnamed Treasury official is quoted in a New York *Times* dispatch as saying:

"The way has been paved for farmers and other producers to obtain higher prices for their products. This order simply permits the gold producers to seek a higher price for newly mined gold. It does not mean in any sense a reduction in the gold value of the dollar."

This is a far cry from that free gold market that Wall Street has been talking about in recent weeks. Only newly mined gold is included. It must be sold through the agency of the Treasury or the Federal Reserve banks, at the world market price, either on the world markets abroad to any purchaser, or to domestic consumers of non-monetary gold. Refiners benefit as well as producers, since previous rulings had permitted the exportation of concentrates of gold for refining, thus turning over to foreign refiners business that will now be given to Americans.

In financial circles there are conjectures about the inner significance of the Roosevelt gold order. Does it mean a step nearer devaluation of the dollar? Some one estimates that with gold at $29.43 per ounce—a recent market price—the theoretical gold content of the dollar would be cut to 18.12 grains as compared with the present fixed legal content of 25.8 grains.

The President's gold proclamation has broader favorable importance than is generally recognized, says Harland H. Allen, Chicago economist, for the United Press:

"It not only provides the gold-producing interests of this country an avenue for the legal marketing of their products, at prevailing world prices, but it also will furnish all business and investment interests with a dependable quotation on the current gold value of the dollar.

"With the English pound dropping and the French franc wavering in terms of gold lately, it has been increasingly difficult to be sure just what the dollar was worth.

"Now that the value of the dollar will be more precisely known, it should fluctuate less violently, being less subject to whim, rumor, and speculative excesses. That should aid business and employment generally."

On the same day that the President issued the order providing for restricted sale and export of newly mined gold he made another Presidential ruling on gold hoarding. Possessors of hoarded gold must make reports of their holdings on special forms, after which they may not retain the gold except under special license. Heavy penalties are provided and Attorney-General Cummings says the new order "supplies an efficient means of reaching hitherto unidentified individuals who are holding gold, gold coin, or gold certificates, contrary to the public interest."

The repeated postponement of deadlines for hoarders has produced a rather skeptical state of mind on the part of the press. But some writers interpret the new order to mean that the President at last has decided to have a showdown.

Several reasons for permitting the export of newly mined gold—which amounts to about $50,000,000 a year—are advanced in an Associated Press dispatch from Washington:

"First, the United States has no special need for more of the money for monetary purposes. Second, the rest of the world does need it, and in buying our gold directly benefits miners in this country, increasing their earnings. Third, an increase of the floating supply of gold in the world should serve to increase prices."

The Press on Its Own Code

Altho even in newspaper offices there are heretics who question the sacredness of the freedom of the press, there are not lacking, in the same folds, those who take the dissenters to task.

In our August 26 article on the newspaper NRA code we quoted from a Milwaukee *Journal* editorial denouncing an American Newspaper Publishers' Association bulletin recommending to its members that—in the interests of newspaper independence—they be wary of codes. When a code (later revised) was presented to Gen. Hugh Johnson, the Milwaukee daily declared that "the newspapers welch."

To this *The Wisconsin State Journal* of Madison made spirited reply. "Holier but richer than thou!" it exclaimed. Newspapers less opulent than the Milwaukee *Journal*, it continued, found the code a matter of life and death. "Most of these," the Madison paper argued, "have been living from hand to mouth. Probably within six months, had it been generally applied, the blanket code [which preceded the newspaper code] would have bankrupted a large percentage of these smaller papers."

States Voting for Repeal Approach the Needed 36

Twenty-three, Texas. Twenty-four, Washington. Two-thirds of the thirty-six States whose assent is necessary for ratification of Prohibition repeal have voted (as this is written) and the result is an unbroken succession of wet victories.

Before this is read Vermont will have spoken. Later this month six more States will vote—Maine on the 11th, Maryland, Colorado, Minnesota on the 12th, Idaho, New Mexico on the 19th.

THE ONE OVER ONE SYSTEM

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*

There is a bit of parallel between the wet-dry situations of Texas and Washington. The Lone Star State is the home of Senator Morris Sheppard, co-author of the Eighteenth Amendment, who urged Texans to "keep the lid on John Barleycorn's coffin." He made, it is reported, forty-eight speeches in twenty-five days. Washington was the home of the late Senator Wesley L. Jones, whose name was borne by the famous "Five and Ten" law, making possible a $10,000 fine and five years' imprisonment for Prohibition Law violations.

In Texas wets faced the hurdle of the State's supposed dryness. In Washington they feared that an arrangement for voting by districts, rather than by the State as a whole, endangered repeal. But in Texas the wet percentage, on the basis of nearly complete returns, was 62.79, against 60.42 in THE DIGEST'S 1932 poll. Washington wets, on a like basis, had a percentage of 70.58, against 76.13 in the poll.

The American press, becoming somewhat accustomed to wet victories, sounds a note of confidence in repeal early in December. It is no longer a matter of "if," we read in many editorial columns, but of "when." And these same journals turn their attention to the need of proper regulation of future liquor traffic, and to the taxes expected to be derived therefrom.

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News and Comment From the National Capital

Colonel Howe Retains His Undisputed Influence in the Administration as the "Brain Trust" Fades With the Removal of Professor Moley From the Washington Scene

WASHINGTON—Professor Moley's inevitable resignation leaves Louis McHenry Howe the undisputed Presidential advisory ace on the scene. It also pushes farther into the background a novel institution of American politics—the "Brain Trust." The score or more of professors who remain are scattered through all the government departments. The President no longer meets with his select professorial group, as he did with Messrs. Moley, Tugwell and Berle during the campaign and the interregnum of his inauguration. When one or more of the professors meet with Mr. Roosevelt nowadays, it is usually as individual members of groups denominated by some special public interest, such as the Agricultural Adjustment Administration or the NRA.

There has been a real revolution backstage since the government changed hands a half year ago. Colonel Howe emerges as the only survivor of the triumvirate of advisory aces who individually figured so conspicuously in the campaign and just afterward. Col. Edward M. House dropped out early. The "mystery man" of the Wilson Administration did not come to Washington with the Roosevelt Administration. In view of his advancing years, that was not surprizing. Of all the men who began to stand out in the New Deal, only Colonel Howe and Professor Moley enjoyed the privilege of moving in and out of the White House, yea of the Presidential household, at will.

Secretary Ickes, to be sure, turned out to be the strong man of the Cabinet. General Johnson, the iron man of the NRA, has the President's ear for the asking; Budget Director Douglas, his unqualified confidence. But it is Colonel Howe who sits at the Presidential bedside when the day is done and has the last word.

Mr. Moley, unlike Colonel Howe, did not live in the White House. But he regularly dropped in for an early-morning conference before the President was out of bed. Mr. Roosevelt rarely rises before 10. As in Albany, he examines his selected mail, dictates much of his correspondence, and projects his day's work before dressing. Seeing the President in one of these intimate early-morning conferences came to be an unique distinction of the New Deal. To Colonel Howe and Professor Moley it was a part of the daily routine.

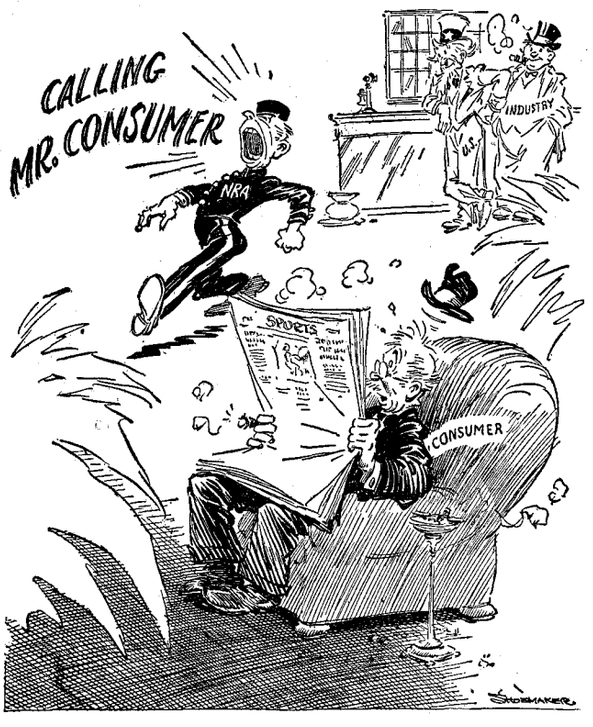
Colonel Howe, living in the Roosevelt family a quarter century, found it no novelty. Professor Moley was admitted in the early days of the Presidential campaign.

It was largely to have the Professor within a step of the White House that he was given quarters in the State Department. The White House secretariat would not have been big enough for both him and Colonel Howe. Making him Assistant Secretary of State was a convenient expedient. In the nature of things, Professor Moley was closer to the President, knew more about the goings-on, the plans and projects, than his immediate chief, Secretary Hull. The President relied on the professor to be discreet enough to carry through the arrangement without embarrassment to either side of Executive Avenue. The jealousies in the Presidential circle seemed to concern neither him nor the Professor. To all appearances, they were too preoccupied to be concerned about such things. And who could deny the President the right to choose his personal advisers? The Democratic politicians were perfectly willing to accept the situation so long as they were not affected, and the professor kept out of purely political matters. The only patronage he was interested in had to do with a few personal appointments.

In view of Mr. Roosevelt's name for loyalty to friends, Professor Moley was regarded as "set," as a personal adviser to the President, whatever else happened. The President didn't even seem to mind the growing impression that he leaned heavily on Mr. Moley. The sharp stabilization-rejecting note which the President sent to London shattered that idea. Alone with Colonel Howe, he was firing from the cruiser *Indianapolis* at sea. Mr. Moley was in London. More than that, the Professor, by subscribing openly to the proposal, cabled to the President, had put himself in the direct line of the President's fire. To hit the stabilization plan, the President had to hit Mr. Moley. Especially in the light of an unpublished unequivocal memorandum which the President had sent over earlier, even before Mr. Moley went overseas, the Professor had put himself in a position where the President had to choose between policy and Moley. No one was more puzzled than the President.

At that moment, Professor Moley fell from the preferred place in the Presidential circle. If Mr. Hull needed anything more to buttress his politely implied desire for a showdown, several collateral incidents served the purpose. The Professor's reunion with the President upon his return to Washington was painfully embarrassing. With Mr. Hull indirectly forcing the issue, Mr. Roosevelt was in an extremely awkward position. Mr. Moley's shift to anti-kidnaping work was his way out. The Astor newspaper editorship was another stepping-stone which took him out of the picture entirely. It is only a matter of time when William C. Bullitt will follow.

DIOGENES.



NEXT!

—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News*

The Gold Controversy

Fred I. Kent's article on the gold standard in our July 15 issue continues to stir controversy. Mrs. Virginia E. Jenckes, Member of Congress from Indiana, says in a letter to President Roosevelt: "I regret sincerely that such a representative publication as THE LITERARY DIGEST would include in its publication a reflection upon our President and the Congress during a nation-wide economic crisis when it is necessary and obligatory upon all loyal and patriotic citizens to stand by the President and his Administration."

Presumably, altho it is not stated specifically, the passage in Mr. Kent's article to which Mrs. Jenckes takes exception was this:

"The forces for disruption of our sound dollar were so great that the President, for its protection, was obliged to ask for power to control it."

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From "Brain Trust" to Editor's Chair

By Wayne W. Parrish

"IT will be an organ of opinion—very much so."

In these words the ever-complacent Raymond Moley, calm and unruffled in the midst of press excitement over his resignation as Assistant Secretary of State, described the suddenly-announced national political weekly which he will edit this autumn with the financial assistance of Vincent Astor, long a close friend of President Roosevelt.

"I do have ideas, and why not express them?" the former head of the so-called "Brain Trust" asked. "I'm not out of politics. I'm very much in politics, and I always have been."

Editorial opinion on the resignation was sharp. Conservative papers clapped hands gleefully while liberal organs expressed their regrets.

When Dr. Moley resigned his post in the State Department there were wide-spread reports of a rift between him and Secretary of State Cordell Hull. It was also reported that the Barnard College professor, who was for a time the President's closest adviser, had fallen from the good graces of the White House. These rumors Dr. Moley vigorously denounced to persistent newspaper reporters, and insisted that the plans for a national weekly newspaper had been under way for many months—even as far back as election time.

Mr. Astor was equally anxious to allay reports that Dr. Moley was a deflated first casualty of the New Deal. Sometimes sitting with one foot hoisted up on his swivel chair, and sometimes pacing the floor, the brisk, coatless and young-looking sportsman described the origin of the paper in his plain white-paneled office in New York's mid-town at 23 West 26th Street.

"It's an Adventure"

"Let me stress one fact," he said, flicking his cigar ashes continually in the waste-basket. "This paper is in no way a cooked-up out for Moley. It has nothing to do with any disagreement at the London Conference or in Washington.

"The President and I have talked over a national weekly for years, and that goes back to 1920 and before. This particular paper we have discussed since the inauguration, and I talked with Moley about it months before that. The weekly is my own idea. We're in this to make it go. It's an adventure. Essentially it will be a political paper, argumentative and disputative."

Mr. Astor admitted that the paper, while being owned and controlled independently of the Administration, would nevertheless support Mr. Roosevelt all along the line. "I would find it very, very hard to go against the wishes of the President," he said with deliberation. "In the many years of our friendship I've never found our ideas to be far apart." He also admitted that he has long been anxious to try his hand at "wielding a pen."

If the forty-two-year-old head of the Astor family is inclined to follow the President's policies almost entirely, the new editor is bent toward editorial independence. In his tiny, cluttered office in one of the Barnard College buildings on Columbia University's campus, Dr. Moley expressed his views in the following terms:

Wide World © Underwood Wide World

EDITOR MOLEY'S BACKERS

Vincent Astor (left), Mrs. Charles Rumsey (center), and W. Averell Harriman

"Politics, and economics in so far as they affect the Government, will have a leading place. Of course, we'll have editorials, and I expect to have a page of my own. Our paper will be partizan. There will be no pretense of giving both sides to questions. Editorials will reflect the personal views of the editors. We have needed such a paper in this country for many years. It won't be like any existing magazines, for it will be much more personal and much more partizan."

More specific information about the new organ of opinion—that may or may not be an "Administration" paper—is lacking, but the editors and promoters plan to begin publication this autumn, possibly as early as October 1. The size being considered is that of a regulation tabloid newspaper. There will be no fancy cover, no fancy color-plate advertising, no large staff of writers, and the price will be five cents.

The name? When newspapermen asked that question of Mr. Astor, he smiled, shrugged his shoulders characteristically, and said he would give a box of cigars to any one that would suggest an acceptable name. Some one suggested to Dr. Moley that "The New Deal" might be an appropriate title.

"That would make it an Administration paper," he said. "And this paper will be independent."

Associated with the new venture will be the son and daughter of the late E. H. Harriman, railroad financier, Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey, chairman of the consumer's advisory board of the NRA, and W. Averell Harriman, chairman of the board of the Union Pacific and at present an NRA official in New York.

Mrs. Rumsey (of whom Mr. Astor said, "She has more vitality than any woman I know"), when reached at her office in Washington, said she would be an associate editor.

"A weekly paper is something I've been keenly interested in for ten years, and now is a magnificent opportunity to start one. This paper will be completely independent, backing up all of the present movements and keeping the New Deal going. Of course we will back the President."

The executive editor will be V. V. McNitt, of the McNaught Newspaper Syndicate, who signed up Dr. Moley on a three-year contract to write a weekly article for newspapers. Dr. Moley said he would divide his time between Washington and New York, would continue his professorship of public law at Barnard, and would continue his newspaper syndication. While he no longer holds an official position in the Government, he said he expected to breakfast frequently at the White House, for he and the President are still most friendly.

Editorial Interpretation

The deflation of Dr. Moley, as the Springfield *Union* characterizes the professor's withdrawal, is interpreted by many dailies as the first blow at the "brain trust." "Does this mean," queries the Manchester (N. H.) *Union*, "that the disintegration of the 'brain trust' has begun, and that the more conservative elements in the Cabinet are beginning to predominate? If so, the change is a welcome one."

This opinion is shared by such dailies as the New York *Times*, the Boston *Transcript*, the Washington *Post*, the New York *Sun*, the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, the New York *Evening Post*, *The Herald Tribune*, and the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. Confronted with the choice between Secretary of State Hull and Professor Moley, the President chose wisely, such papers assent. This comment is liberally spiced by good-natured banter. The Baltimore *Sun* is typical: "Everybody loves everybody. And yet, the Professor comes out with a grand set-up as editor . . .; the President comes out with a riddance of the row in the State Department, and the Secretary of State comes out as the cock of the walk."

But other papers continue to consider Dr. Moley seriously. Unshaken is the loyalty of the Scripps-Howard group, the Hearst papers, and others strongly nationalistic in policy. More erred against than erring, Professor Moley's position in the State Department was untenable, notes the Washington *News* (Scripps-Howard).

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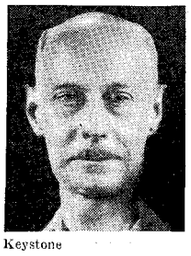
They Stand Out From the Crowd

Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard's chief interest has been to commit to paper authentic accounts of the history of the Old West while there are still eyewitnesses of those stirring times from whom accurate information may be obtained.

To accomplish it she has traveled thousands of miles by auto, wagon, horseback and even by snowshoe over the region traversed by the covered wagons, interviewing old-timers and checking up their stories. Dr. Hebard is head of the department of economics of the University of Wyoming.

Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles and mammals at the Bronx Zoo, New York, has gone to Panama to bring back bats and bushmaster snakes, the largest poisonous reptile indigenous to the American tropics. Fifty-seven, baldish and slightly built, Mr. Ditmars is reputed to know more about reptiles than any other living man. He has perfected a serum which renders harmless the bites of all poisonous North American snakes.



Keystone

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., makes a convincing radio plea for NRA—"to turn back is unthinkable." Deeply religious, self-effacing, decidedly a family man, the son of Standard Oil's founder is primarily a philanthropist. Latest among his gifts are lands bought for a Jackson Hole, Wyoming, national park. Short and stocky, Mr. Rockefeller will be sixty next January.

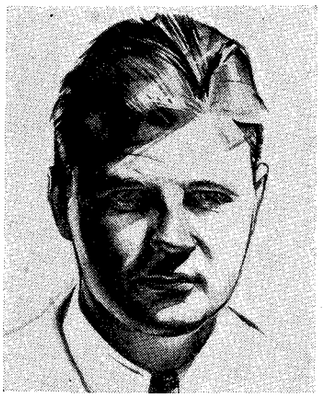
© International

Wilhelm Furtwaengler, a famous German conductor, finds himself safe within the "Aryan" fold. It is said that he is sometimes spoken of as the author of "Jew Süss," but that is due to a confusion of names.

© Wide World

He is tall, ascetic of face, with hair that resembles asparagus fern in all but color. Made Privy Councilor in Prussia, he enjoys a wider field as dictator than just over his orchestra.

Cartoonists
As They See Themselves



A Self-portrait—For *The Literary Digest*

Vaughn Shoemaker—"Shoes" to his fellows on the Chicago *Daily News*, where he is chief cartoonist—was told in 1921 by the director, Chicago Academy of Fine Arts: "Shoemaker, you'll never be an artist." Same director, 1927: "Mr. Shoemaker, will you join our faculty?" Shoemaker did.

Five years a life-guard while making his way through high school and academy, he was given a job in 1922 on the *News* art staff. Three years later he became chief cartoonist.

Shoemaker is thirty-one, blue-eyed, ruddy-faced, brown-haired, tall and broad. He is married, has a four-year-old son. Member, Chicago Christian Business Men's Committee. Hobby, golf and painting.

[*Cartoons by Mr. Shoemaker appear on pages 10 and 38.*]

Mr. Jerome Clarke Hunsaker's earliest experiments in aerodynamics were stopped by the police of Detroit when, as a boy, he built a "sailing wagon" and zoomed down the street, arousing panic in truck-horses and profanity in their drivers. Announcement has just been made that he will head the department of mechanical engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology where, in 1914, he founded a pioneer course in aeronautical engineering.

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He was in charge, during the war, of the Navy's aircraft program and designed the NC flying-boats, of which one, the NC4, made the first transatlantic flight in 1919. He planned the airway system of wire and radio weather service. This year he received the Daniel Guggenheim Medal for contributions to aeronautical science.

August Adolph Gennerich is the full name, but he is "Gus" to everybody in the White House circle. He is the man you generally see in the photographs standing near President Roosevelt. He is his personal body-guard. This husky six-footer joined the New York police force back in 1908. He was assigned to guard Franklin D. Roosevelt when the latter was governor of New York. They became very good friends and when he became President Mr. Roosevelt took his body-guard with him to Washington where "Gus" became officially a member of the Secret Service. "Gus" Gennerich is courteous, likable, playful, and has an excellent tenor voice. He made his mark as a policeman six years ago when he won the New York Police Department's Medal of Honor by capturing two gangsters after an exciting chase on First Avenue.

Wide World

Meredith Nicholson, new American Minister to Paraguay, has been successively a *drug clerk, printers' devil, law student,* stenographer, reporter, business man, author and politician. He is still the latter two. Born into a Republican family, he became a Democrat before he could vote. Grover Cleveland was his great hero. His early writing was strongly influenced by James Whitcomb Riley and Gen. Lew Wallace, both of whom encouraged him after seeing his first poem. Before "Back to the Farm" became a slogan he urged a "Return to the Grass."

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What's the Name, Please?

Furtwaengler—Kapellmeister of Berlin State Opera — *foort'vengler, n* as in *sing.*

von Papen—German ex-Chancellor —*von* identical with *fun* (never *vohn*), then *pah'pen.*

ZaSu Pitts — movie comedienne—(capital Z and capital S, please); she says *zay'zoo,* not *zah-sue.*

Jan Kiepura—Polish film star—*yahn* is the first name, then *kee-poo'ra.*

Berle — R. F. C. specialist — pronounced as if spelled *burly.*

—Frank H. Vizetelly.

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Europe's Bewildered Angel of Peace

Nazi Demonstrations, the Protests of Austria, French and Italian Representations, the New Amity of Paris and Moscow—All Add to the Disturbing Scene

WHICHEVER way she turns, Europe's Angel of Peace hears new sounds of alarm. Since 1918, cartoonists have shown her flying hither and yon, yet never finding a place of safe abode. In the midsummer of the nineteenth year following the outbreak of the World War she is more tremulous than ever. The outlook for fall and winter is heavy with omen.

Hitler's Third Reich has taken the place of the overthrown German Republic, from which so much had been hoped for the safety of democracy. His aim to make all German-speaking peoples in Europe subject to the Swastika flag sends Austria running for relief to the arms of England, France, and Italy.

On the last Sunday in August the Hitlerite government startled all Europe by two impressive demonstrations. In the east of Germany Hitler and President Paul von Hindenburg met at the Tannenberg battle monument, which commemorates the great victory of the German Field-Marshal over the Russians in August, 1914.

On this occasion, the President was presented with valuable forest lands formerly belonging to the State and lying next the Hindenburg estate at Neudeck. In accepting the gift, which doubles his holdings in East Prussia, President von Hindenburg spoke of "his Kaiser, the King and Lord."

Report has it that it is Hindenburg's plan to return the headship of the German State to the Hohenzollern family. Hitler is said to be willing, provided he be continued as chief of the government.

Following this ceremonial, Hitler flew over to the western border of Germany to begin a campaign to recover the Saar Basin, the sovereignty of which mining territory, according to the Treaty, is to be settled by plebiscite in 1935. Before an audience of 180,000, of whom 80,000 were Saarlanders, Chancellor Hitler declared vehemently that "we desire no war with the outside world," but "if treaties are to be called sacrosanct, then they are not only for us but for our opponents also."

He went on to say the people of the Saar will decide their own destiny, but he added: "I know that every one of them will cast his vote for Germany." Meanwhile he gave the expression to his desire that Germany wishes to reach an understanding with France on every point, "but never will Germany renounce the Saar region, and the Saar will never forego Germany."

All the time, week in and week out, Chancellor Hitler repeats his cry that the "tyrannous" Treaty of Versailles must be revised. Against this proposal France is adamant.

On the same Sunday afternoon the French Premier made an official visit through 125 miles of intricate fortifications along the German frontier, which have taken five years to build and cost more than $100,000,000.

OUTSIDERS LOOKING IN: "HEY-YOU, GERMANY, LET AUSTRIA ALONE!"

—De Groene Amsterdammer

After his tour of inspection, Mr. Daladier said:

"The shield is in place. It is a good metal. The country has reason to be calm and resolute."

In emphasizing France's friendship for Austria, Mr. Daladier said, in a statement to the press: "We are resolved to guarantee the political and economic independence of Austria." The smaller, weaker and less populous States have the same rights as those of larger population and area, he added. Little Austria numbers only 6,500,000 inhabitants against Germany's 65,000,000.

The much desired union of Germany and Austria is forbidden in the peace treaties, but that has not been any obstacle to German designs. Immediately after the World War, Germany made its first attempt in that direction. Under the guise of a Customs Union two years ago, a Paris correspondent to the New York *Sun* recalls, the Germans made a second attempt, with the result that the French broke Austria's strongest bank, which in turn broke Germany, provoked the Hoover moratorium and forced Great Britain off the gold standard.

In the present attempt, it is pointed out, neither direct annexation nor a mere Customs Union seems to be contemplated, but a more or less forcible institution of Hitlerism in Austria. The country then would remain nominally independent, but in reality be governed, it is surmised, from Berlin.

The leader of the fight to save Austria's independence is said to be Premier Benito Mussolini, who with the full consent of France and Great Britain, mediates between Berlin and Vienna. Fascist Italy, tho sentimentally favorable to Hitlerism, according to this correspondent, is determined to keep Austria independent as a buffer State between Italy and Germany. Italy itself aspires to expand its influence in the Balkans, and has no desire to encounter there some new Pan-German putsch toward the Near East.

A new puzzle for Europe's Angel of Peace is the sudden outburst of amity between Soviet Russia and France, as exemplified in the visit of former Premier Edouard Herriot to Russia as guest of the Soviet Government. His visit is considered of the greatest importance in connection with the Franco-Soviet rapprochement, which coincided with the rise of Hitler's Third Reich.

Herriot is not a member of the French Government now, but he is President of the French Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and a power in the Radical Socialist party, from which the government of Premier Edouard Daladier draws its main support.

In England, it is said that those who know concede that political and economic leadership has passed from that country—the former to the Continent of Europe, and the latter to the United States. Since the Armistice, Britain, while keeping on good terms with the United States, also strove for peace on the European Continent. Internationalism having failed, British Conservatives hold that Britain must reenter the world's armament race.

Propaganda already has been started by big navy advocates for building up to the Treaty limits. By this is meant the immediate laying down of twenty-five new cruisers and fifteen new destroyers annually, and as many submarines and sea-planes as they can get.

Yet Europe's Angel of Peace still flutters hither and yon hopefully. R. D.

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The Kind of Girl for Nazis

What kind of a girl should a true-blue German Aryan marry? As first aid to ardent young Hitlerites about to venture into matrimony, the Berlin *Das Wissen der Nation* (Nation's Wisdom) publishes a series of recommendations designed to ensure the purity of the Germanic race. This weekly recommends only blondes with blue eyes, an oval face, and white skin. The Nazis are warned against brunettes of obviously Mediterranean origin, with long torso and short legs, black hair and thick sensuous lips. The women of the black and yellow races are, of course, proscribed.

But the recommendations of *Das Wissen der Nation* are even more drastic. Suspect also are sophisticated society girls, actresses, breakers of sports records, and even young women who earn their living in the liberal professions. The heroic Aryan is urged to choose a good, industrious, and pure girl, who is known to be an adept housekeeper, with an affection for children—"even tho she may be stupid."

European photograph

A Mass Wedding Parade of Forty-Seven Married Nazi Couples

French Scoff at Shouse Warning on Debts and Wine

The prediction of Jouett Shouse, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, that Congress will place prohibitive duties on French wines unless France makes an adequate settlement of her debts to the United States before repeal comes into effect, failed to thrill the French press or people.

Cabled advices to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Paris point out that French newspapers do not take seriously Mr. Shouse's remarks about wines and debts. So they decline to comment on it. But officials of the French Ministry of Commerce give three reasons for declaring the Shouse suggestion absurd. They are:

"1. Already over-taxed, France will be able to pay her debts eventually only if and when new markets are opened for her products, and therefore the American Congress would be most foolish to declare an embargo.

"2. France could execute an effective commercial riposte in the event of an embargo.

"3. Americans are suffering from an illusion if they believe that the end of Prohibition in the United States means a return of prosperity to France."

Wine growers in France, the Ministry of Commerce asserts, "are well aware that only the expensive wines are exportable because the United States is primarily a nation of whisky and beer drinkers."

MARIANNE: "Say, Sam, don't you want something better than beer?"

—*Le Petit Parisien*

2,000,000 German Workers Go Back to Their Jobs

Herr Walter Funk, chief of the German Official Press Bureau, talked with an English editor about Germany's New Deal to combat unemployment, and told of public-works plans which are "the main preoccupation not only of Chancellor Hitler, but of every member of the Cabinet."

According to Herr Funk, "no country in the world suffers so heavily from unemployment as Germany." When Adolf Hitler formed his government, the number of registered unemployed totaled 6,250,000, and "there were, in addition, approximately 3,250,000 who were not eligible for any dole and whose names, therefore, are not on the registers." He exclaims:

"Think of it! Including dependents, from one-quarter to one-third of the entire German people were in receipt of relief."

Reproduced in *Answers* (London), Herr Funk's statement continues: "We have altered that already. Since the first day of last February 2,000,000 men have been provided with work. How have we done it? By large-scale schemes of public works—the construction of motor roads, the creation of new settlements in thinly populated districts of East Prussia, the cultivation of waste land, the encouragement of new branches of production." In consequence, "new hope has dawned for the masses," and "new impulses have been given to the German people as a whole."

A Manchu Amazon

"Black Panther" would have been a more appropriate name for her than Chun Ling, or "Spirit of Spring." Half-a-head taller than her husband, the Manchurian bandit General Tsui, Chun Ling wore a riding outfit entirely of black. On both hips she carried automatic pistols, and her black leather belt held a supply of cartridges.

The Manchurian bandit general assigned to his junior wife the duties of chief of staff and commander of cavalry.

A Mukden correspondent of the London *Times* paints an attractive portrait of this dashing Manchu Amazon. Chun Ling is reputed to be a dead shot; and has accounted for many a marauder, in policing a turbulent district less than an hour by train from Mukden.

Bowing gravely to her interviewers, Chun Ling buckled on pistols, stepped into the courtyard, and with a single crisp command, summoned her cavalrymen. Swinging neatly into her saddle, this descendant of the Manchu horsemen who once captured all China, cantered swiftly away at the head of "as hard-looking a gang of mounted warriors as one could be privileged to see."

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Artists With Never a Thought for Fame

American Indians, Who Regard Art as a Community Affair, and Who Frown on Individual Ambition, Need No Interference from the Outside

HONORABLE mention, half a dozen medals, a paragraph in "Who's Who," an occasional one-man show, and recognition, ultimately, by the Metropolitan Museum of Art—what cares a good Indian for such rewards as these? If an Indian artist did care, his tribe would look down on him.

Art, as they conceive it, is a community affair, not by rights a means of winning celebrity for the individual. Sharing that view, himself, the Indian will leave his work unsigned. He will begin a picture, and, without protest, let another hand complete it. Fame? It never concerns him.

Just this is what makes the Indian artist so interesting to Miss Olive Rush, whose work with young Indians at the Santa Fé School of Artists was described in THE LITERARY DIGEST for April 8, and who now writes of the Red Man's esthetic genius in *Theater Arts Monthly*. "Never has the Indian worked for applause," she tells us. Instead, Indians have "worked in a communal spirit for centuries, and they are disturbed to find a man attempting to stand out from among his fellows. The group may achieve, the entire body must grow."

Obligation to the Tribe

Consequently, "he must move softly among them that would help them adjust their art to our modern world," and, especially because the Indian's attitude and method are conditioned by his past, they "deserve our non-interference. In the Kiva, the sacred spot removed from the world, he keeps alight the sacred fires, art, religion, life, that unite for him in one flame. The old masks, mysterious to him, are handed down along with the legends from generation to generation. Each dance demands the costume peculiar to it, and varies little through the year. Old plays are revived." Yet all old art is refreshed "from our own thought," as the Indians say, tho, despite this freedom in adaptation, they never lose their reverence for its tribal origin and development. They owe everything to the tribe.

"When the Indian baby begins to walk, he learns to dance," says Miss Rush. "As he plays in the sand he watches his grandmother paint a jar. He hears old stories told. If you ask him in later years who taught him these things, he may give you the answer an Indian artist gave me to-day: 'No one taught me; I learned them for myself.' This growing up with art makes art a part of life—the chant is a prayer or a praise, the love-song is for wooing, the summer dances are prayers for rain, the winter dances for success in the hunt, painted designs are composed of symbols that touch his deepest interests" — deepest because inspired by intense tribal loyalties.

Indian Mask

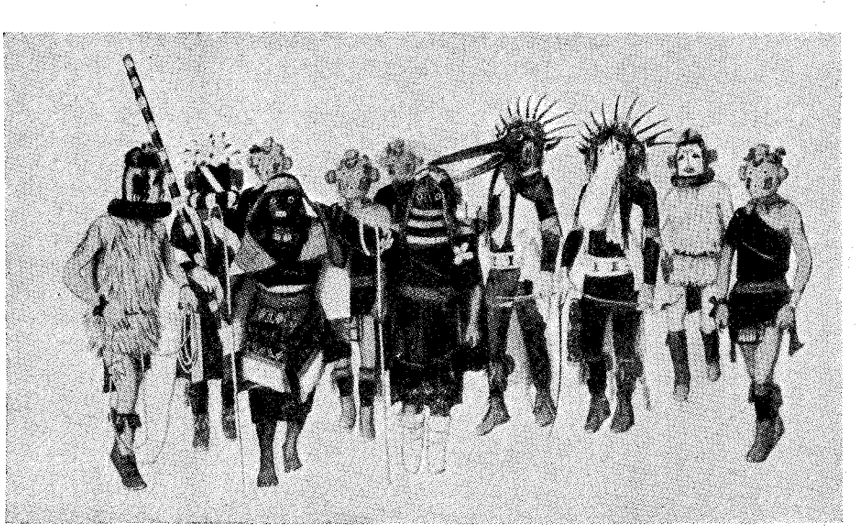
Need of Encouragement

Hands off! Let the Indian artist have his own way. Encourage him to keep it. "Our commerce," says Miss Rush, "has endeavored to ruin the Navaho blanket, but the eagerness with which the weavers gathered at Santa Fé last winter in council for the improvement of their designs, shows how ready they are to rescue that art. What is needed most is encouragement all through the Indian country, to keep their purer elements of design.

"Oqwa Pi stoutly declares, 'No one shall teach my boy design but myself.' And he believes, as do many of his pale-faced friends, that it is a mistake to teach them those arts in which they excel. We look forward to the day when the Indian will be the teacher of the arts in an Indian school.

"Well-directed encouragement given by artists, writers, archeologists, has reestablished self-confidence and brought back an atmosphere of hope, to which pueblos like San Ildefonso have responded with a fulness and richness that has been beyond belief."

Remains the question, how sound is this Indian art? Judged by our own standards, how meritorious? Remarkably sound, thinks Miss Rush, and, judged by our own standards, excellent, with a distinction now and then astonishing. "Awa Tsireh's goat herders and Oqwa Pi's hunting compositions are as lovely as Persian miniatures, and Tse-ye-mu's pottery makers have strength and simplicity, with nobility of line and mass peculiarly fitted to wall-painting. More than to paint the body of nature, the Indian loves to glorify her power, and to express in symbols her evanescent quality, her bright gleam. Perhaps no people have drawn life forms more peculiar with vitality than the Indians."



From the Museum of the American Indian, New York

"Perhaps no people have drawn life forms more peculiar with vitality than the Indians"

"The Belle of New York"

For the sixth time and with dazzling success, London has revived that delightful musical comedy, "The Belle of New York," which English audiences first saw and heard in 1898.

"Long may 'The Belle' go on being revived!" cries A. E. Wilson, tho he wonders at such eternal popularity. "It can not be because of sentimental associations," he decides. Neither can it be the plot, which "may be dismissed as futile." As for wit, "it does not stagger."

Nevertheless, "there you are," and in the London *Star* Mr. Wilson continues, "Somehow or other 'The Belle' has a rich vitality. It appeals strongly to those who recall those far-off days when Edna May first delighted London, and the animation of the company from New York set a new standard in musical comedy.

"Undoubtedly the music is its strongest merit."

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The Newly-Discovered Panel by Da Vinci

Congratulate, if you can find him, the unnamed American who has acquired the newly-discovered Leonardo da Vinci, "San Lorenzo and the Tax Collector."

It is small—indeed, a mere panel—but important by reason of the extreme rarity of authentic Leonardos, especially of those painted between 1472, when the artist joined the Florentine Painters' Guild, and 1480. As the London *Daily Mail* recalls,

Da Vinci's "San Lorenzo and the Tax Collector"

"so far there has been only one picture of that period generally accepted as from the master's own hand—namely, the 'Annunciation' of the Louvre."

Prof. R. Langton Douglas, former director of the National Gallery of Ireland, discovered the long-lost panel, and is convinced that, "together with the Louvre picture, it formed part of the predella of a large altar-piece," which, as he believes, is "the 'Madonna di Pazza,' in the Cathedral of Pistoia," a work commissioned from Verrocchio and executed by Leonardo da Vinci and Lorenzo di Credi, his pupils.

As *The Daily Mail* is persuaded, the identity of the newly-discovered painting is proved beyond possibility of doubt.

"Not only are the two panels identical in height and in the scale of the figures, in compositional arrangement and such details as the landscape, architectural figures, and the drapery folds, but the two panels are also actually cut from the same piece of wood.

"The legend illustrated concerns a tax collector who, falsely accused of having stolen sums of money paid to him in taxes, appealed to San Donato, explained to him that the money had been hidden during his absence from home by his wife, who died before his return.

"The bishop and the widower at once resorted to the woman's tomb, where San Donato prayed for help, and on calling on the dead woman's spirit to reveal the place of concealment, was given the desired information by a voice from the void.

"The precious little picture has unfortunately left Europe to pass into the hands of a transatlantic collector."

The New Wagner Museum

The city of Lucerne, so *L' Illustration* informs us, has just opened a museum in the villa where Wagner lived for six years on the shore of the Lac des Quatres-Cantons. It was there that he composed "Siegfried" and the "Götterdämmerung." As a museum, it is filled with manuscripts and Wagner relics.

New Foundations for Rebuilding the Outmoded Theater

Not a dozen panics—nor, for that matter, two dozen, thinks Gene Buck—can discourage the producers who really love the drama. Despite hard times and the low ebb in the tide of theatrical affairs, "these men are going to stay in," he declares, "and make a new theater for us."

Mr. Buck, as the Kansas City *Star* reminds us, "used to help Ziegfeld produce the Follies." But the Missouri editor is gratified to learn, albeit from a New York "showman," that, while all producers with only a "dollar interest" in the legitimate theater have been driven from the field, dramatic art has still its determined champions. However, he wonders "out of what they are going to make the new theater." Will they "rebuild on the old shell-shocked foundation of the last twenty years"—or even on those of the last ten?

What with war plays, gangster plays, lurid sex dramas, and homicidal mysteries, profanity, gross obscenities and fusillades of gunfire have made nights in the theater a horror of hideous sounds. Stark realism has held the spotlight so selfishly that nearly all the beauties of the spoken language have been thrust aside.

"New playwrights, therefore, now should seize a great opportunity. The theater of the future easily may become a theater of plays of poetic and inspirational values, to supplant the old theater that has been given over to sheer noise. Dramas of good diction, fine manners and more intelligent expression may supplant the violent and overwrought emotionalism of our recent hectic years.

"The wise playwright must realize that dramatic force can be developed as effectively by quiet methods as by crashing crescendos. Already there is evidence that the motion-picture producers are making their sound-producing devices secondary to the intelligently spoken lines of the players. There is, of course, room for improvement here, but it is within the province of the legitimate theater itself (which perhaps may sense the futility of trying to compete with the realism of the cinemas in sound and scenic effects) to excel in the production of more idealistic dramas—plays that stimulate the imagination and invite thoughtful discussion in the audience. For after all, what goes on upon the stage is only half of the theater's appeal. The other half is the reaction of the audience."

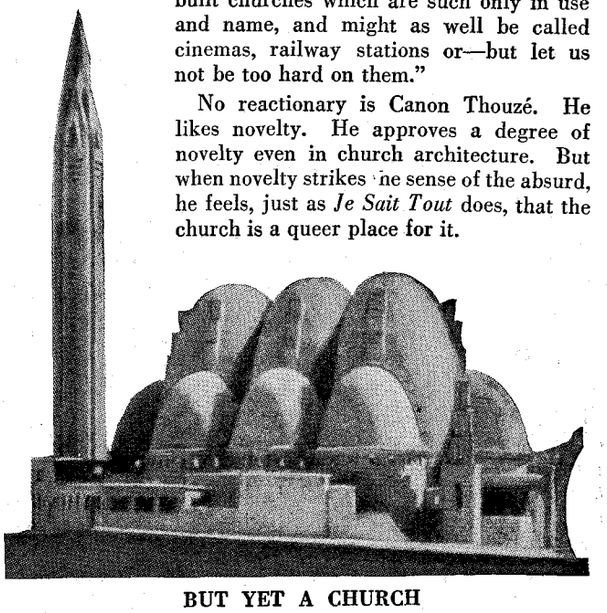
Modernistic Churches

Chicago's modernistic Century of Progress is not without influence abroad, where several expositions, notably the one celebrating a decade of Fascism, all but out-Chicago the Century of Progress itself. People like them, it seems. But many are those who object vociferously to modernistic churches, and, shocked by the intense modernism of several lately built in France, *Je Sait Tout* sent one of its representatives the other day to interview Vicar-General Thouzé, who is closely associated with Monsigneur Verdier, Archbishop of Paris.

With remarkable self-restraint, in view of recent provocation, Canon Thouzé expressed himself regarding modernistic churches, of which the most sensationally bizarre is pictured herewith. Tho our illustration shows only the architect's model, the structure has actually been erected at Nice.

Canon Thouzé showed the interviewer a number of documents in which the Pope and several eminent ecclesiastics expressed their disapproval of extreme modernism in church architecture. Then, speaking for himself, he said, "Certain architects have built churches which are such only in use and name, and might as well be called cinemas, railway stations or—but let us not be too hard on them."

No reactionary is Canon Thouzé. He likes novelty. He approves a degree of novelty even in church architecture. But when novelty strikes ne sense of the absurd, he feels, just as *Je Sait Tout* does, that the church is a queer place for it.



BUT YET A CHURCH

At Nice, this marvel has actually been built

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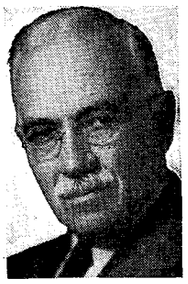
The Public-Health Menace of Pneumonia

Experiments With an Immunizing "Cocktail" May Provide a Weapon in the Control and Prevention of a Disease Which Takes Thousands of Lives Annually

By Dr. William H. Park
Director, Bureau of Laboratories, New York City Department of Health

This is the fourth of a series of articles on the battle-fronts of modern medicine.

IT is no small problem that confronts us when we consider the possibility of controlling or preventing pneumonia. More than 100,000 persons die every year in this country of pneumonia as a primary infection. To this number must be added thousands who die of pneumonia as a complication following surgical operations or attacks of other diseases.



Dr. W. H. Park

Such destruction of human life naturally has not gone unchallenged. The causative agent of pneumonia, or at least one of them, the *pneumococcus*, was identified by Sternberg and Pasteur, independently of each other, in 1880. It is called pneumococcus because it belongs to the *coccus* type of microbes, which are characterized by their rounded form. Pneumococci usually appear in pairs, like small beans fastened together.

These organisms, when unaccompanied by others, cause the disease known as *lobar pneumonia*, so named because it tends to infect one or more lobes of the lungs without affecting the rest. Another disease, *broncho-pneumonia*, usually is caused by a combination of pneumococcus and other organisms, especially the chain-forming *streptococcus*. It occurs most frequently in very young children and old persons.

Lobar Pneumonia

The pneumonia of youth and middle life is lobar pneumonia. This is the type that may follow operations, influenza or bad colds. It usually begins with a chill or fever and thereafter runs a self-limited course, ending in a severe crisis.

Two or three days after the disease begins, there appear in the blood pneumococcus-fighting particles of microscopic size called antibodies. These increase rapidly in number until there are enough to check the multiplication of microbes and destroy those already in the tissues.

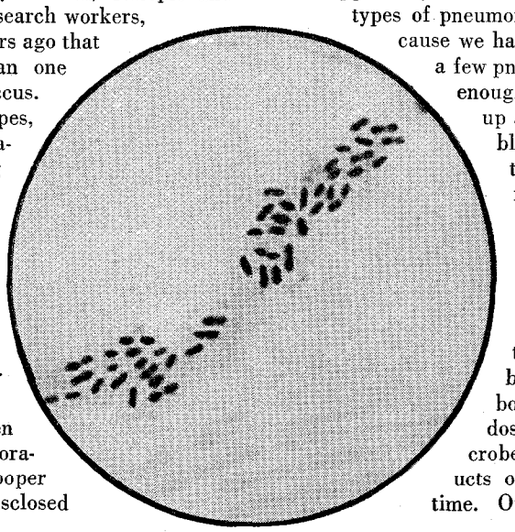
At this point the characteristic crisis occurs, after which the patient may recover, providing he has sufficient reserve strength and avoids complications. It he does recover, the antibodies remaining in his blood will give him immunity from that specific type of pneumonia for several months, or a year or more, but not permanently.

The steps that have so far been taken toward treatment of the disease, aside from general measures, are aimed at assisting and hastening the body's natural methods of protection and resistance. This is done by injecting serums which aid the body by adding quantities of antibodies.

Making the Serum

The serums are made by infecting carefully selected horses with pneumococci from human cases of the disease. After six months part of the blood of the animals is drawn off and converted into a clotless, straw-colored liquid by freeing it from blood-cells and other undesirable material. This serum contains antibodies in great amount which, while probably not identical with those naturally produced in the human body, nevertheless have the same effect upon the pneumococcus in the human lung.

The beautiful simplicity of this form of treatment is unfortunately marred by a curious and interesting condition of affairs. Studies by Duchez, Gilespie and Cole, American research workers, showed several years ago that there is more than one type of pneumococcus. They found four types, in fact, each capable of producing lobar pneumonia which, while differing in reaction to specific serum treatment, appear in all clinical symptoms practically identical.



MEMBERS OF A LARGE FAMILY
Microphotograph of a colony of Type I Pneumococcus

In the last ten years patient laboratory work by Cooper and others has disclosed that there are not only four, but more than thirty different types of pneumococcus. This is a chief reason why treatment of the disease by serums is difficult and uncertain. Pneumonia caused by one type will not react to serum for another type, and determination of the type present, in any given case, depends upon laboratory tests often difficult or impracticable to make, particularly in small and isolated communities.

It is possible, of course, to make composite serums, but to make a serum useful in treating all thirty or more types of pneumonia is out of the question. If there were no other considerations opposing it, to include enough material specific for each of thirty-odd types would make the dose so large as to be impossible of administration.

However, all thirty types are not commonly met with. Type I causes about 36 per cent. of all pneumonia cases; Type II about 28 per cent., and Type III about 13 per cent. These three types together are responsible for more than 75 per cent. of all cases of pneumonia, except those occurring in children, where no one type appears to be dominant. Even if we can only succeed in preventing or curing 75 per cent. of pneumonia cases it will be a worthwhile achievement.

Building Up Immunity

However, this is not the extent of present efforts toward pneumonia control. The fact that more than 80 per cent. of all adults continually carry one or more of the thirty types of pneumococcus around in their throats without catching the disease has led to some interesting discoveries. One is that many of us are apparently immune to one or more types of pneumonia, possibly because we have been hosts to a few pneumoccocci long enough to have built up antibodies in the blood without actually experiencing the disease.

This suggests that such immunity might be established, at least for the three main types, by subjecting the body to small doses of the microbes or their products over a period of time. Out of this theory has come a valuable series of experiments carried on in our own laboratories by Dr. Victor Ross.

Recently a number of subjects have volunteered to receive treatment, with encouraging results.

The material is completely tasteless, and about half a thimbleful constitutes a dose. This is dissolved in half a glass of water, or in any other palatable liquid, and taken by the subject. Three or four doses at short intervals appear to give immunity lasting from three months to a year.

It may be that we have, in this "anti-pneumonia cocktail," the rudiments of a powerful weapon against pneumonia.

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The Spectrograph—A Master Detective of Science

AMONG the most fantastic truths of scientific research is the fact that a small instrument consisting primarily of a narrow slit, a lens, a prism and a camera can be made to tell the composition of stars and nebulæ, detect minute quantities of impurities in chemical mixtures, and reveal secrets of the structure of the atom.

Such a device is the spectrograph (or spectroscope), first established as a scientific instrument by Robert Wilhelm von Bunsen and Gustav Robert Kirchhoff in 1859, improved by various refinements since, and now found in hundreds of industrial laboratories and the workshops of physicists, chemists and astrophysicists.

Not long ago more than 100 industrialists and scientists met at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to discuss modern applications of spectrography. Tho in use for seventy-five years, the spectrograph is still telling otherwise undiscoverable things about the infinitely large, the infinitely small, and the tremendously distant.

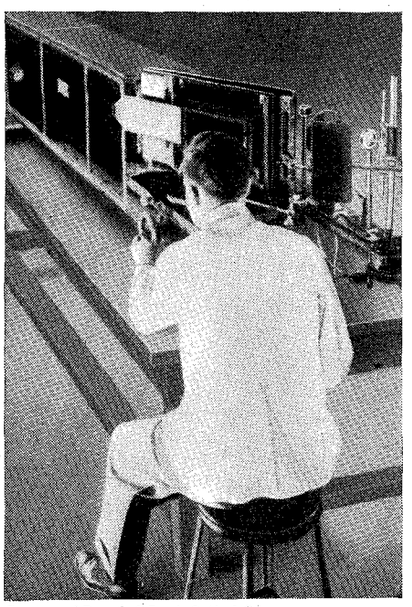
How it Works

If a ray of white light is passed through a prism, a rainbow of colors will result. This is because white light is made up of a number of different kinds, or wave-lengths, of light. As these different wave-lengths pass through the prism they are all bent or diffracted. Each is bent at a different angle, thus separating out the colors.

If the original ray reaches the prism through a narrow slit placed at the focus of a convex lens, and the diffracted light again focused through a second lens upon an eyepiece, screen or the plate of a camera, the result will be a series of vertical images of the slit. The pattern of these lines, called the spectrum, will depend upon the composition of the original beam of light, and this, in turn, upon the structure of the atoms or molecules of the body emitting it.

This is the secret of the instrument. It is called a spectroscope when arranged for use with an eyepiece, and a spectrograph when, as in most modern investigations, the spectrum is photographed. Every chemical element yields a different and characteristic spectrum, regardless of the chemical compound in which it is examined and the distance from the instrument. The spectrum of hydrogen is the same whether it comes from the most distant star or from incandescent gas in the laboratory.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology some of the things recently revealed about our universe by the spectrograph were told by Dr. Donald H. Menzel of Harvard College Observatory. We are accustomed to think of our earth, he said, as a



Courtesy of Bausch & Lomb Optical Company

A Modern Spectrograph in Use

fair sample of the cosmos. The spectrograph shows that this is untrue. Many elements rare on the earth are common in the stars; the ordinary materials of the earth exist only as traces in them.

What the Spectrograph Shows

The spectrograph shows that the visible universe is more than 99 per cent. hydrogen, lightest of the chemical elements and rather rare on earth. Of the remaining 1 per cent. of universe material, a large part is helium, still rarer than hydrogen terrestrially. This element was actually first discovered spectrographically in the sun, hence its name.

Another gas rare on earth is neon, the substance used in the newer type of red electric signs. Dr. Menzel and his associates have recently identified neon in the spectra of the nebulæ and novæ (new stars). In some celestial spectra, notably that of the new star that appeared in the region of Perseus in 1901, several strong lines indicate that neon is abundant.

Some of the interesting new industrial applications of the spectrograph were told by Charles C. Nitchie of the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company. A few years ago automobile radiator caps and other zinc-base die-cast products frequently showed a tendency to swell, warp and crack. Extensive investigation showed this to be due to intercrystalline oxidation, aided by minute traces of impurities.

The problem was solved by the introduction of magnesium to retard crystallization, and the careful selection of raw materials for purity. The cause of the trouble was revealed by spectrograph analysis; the preventive measures are now controlled by means of the spectrograph.

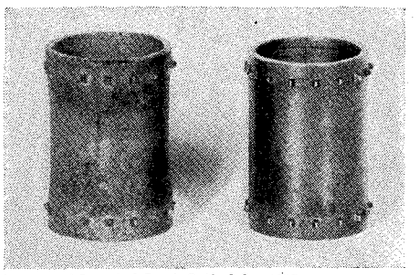
Lithopone, a mixture of zinc sulfide and barium sulfate, is an important white pigment in paints and rubber goods, but a few years ago it was in disfavor because it tended to darken upon exposure to light. Spectrographic analysis showed this to be due to impurities. The purity of commercial lithopone is now controlled with the aid of the spectrograph.

Other Industrial Uses

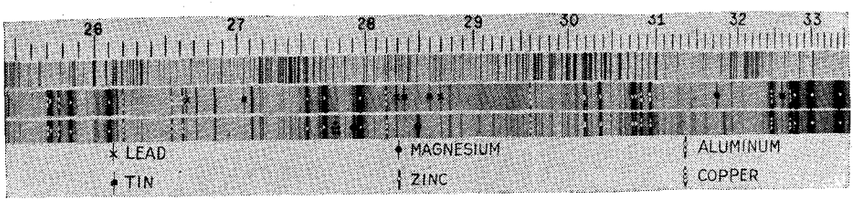
The light transmitting properties of glass are very definitely affected by impurities. The spectrograph is used in the glass industry, not only to determine the purity of raw materials, but also to test the finished glass. The petroleum industry also finds use for the spectrograph. Investigations with this instrument have thrown much light on the nature of combustion in a gasoline engine. A large public service corporation was recently able to show by means of spectrographic analysis that oils purchased as new were, as a matter of fact, second-hand recovered oils.

In police work the spectrograph is providing means for the identification and comparison of poisons, stains, and other items of evidence.

Similar applications are being made in the pharmaceutical industry. In the agricultural and food industries this scientific detective is yielding valuable new information as to the processes of nutrition, the causes of plant diseases, the vitamin content of foodstuffs, and the biological effects of small amounts of metals in soils, fertilizers and other products. G.E.P.



Courtesy of Bausch & Lomb Optical Company



SPECTROGRAPHIC ANALYSIS OF DEFECTIVE AND GOOD ALLOYS

Left: Two die castings, that on the left of defective alloy which swells and cracks on exposure to warm moist air. Right: The lower band is the spectrum of good alloy; the middle band that of defective alloy, showing too little magnesium and harmful amounts of tin. Upper band shows spectrum of iron for comparison

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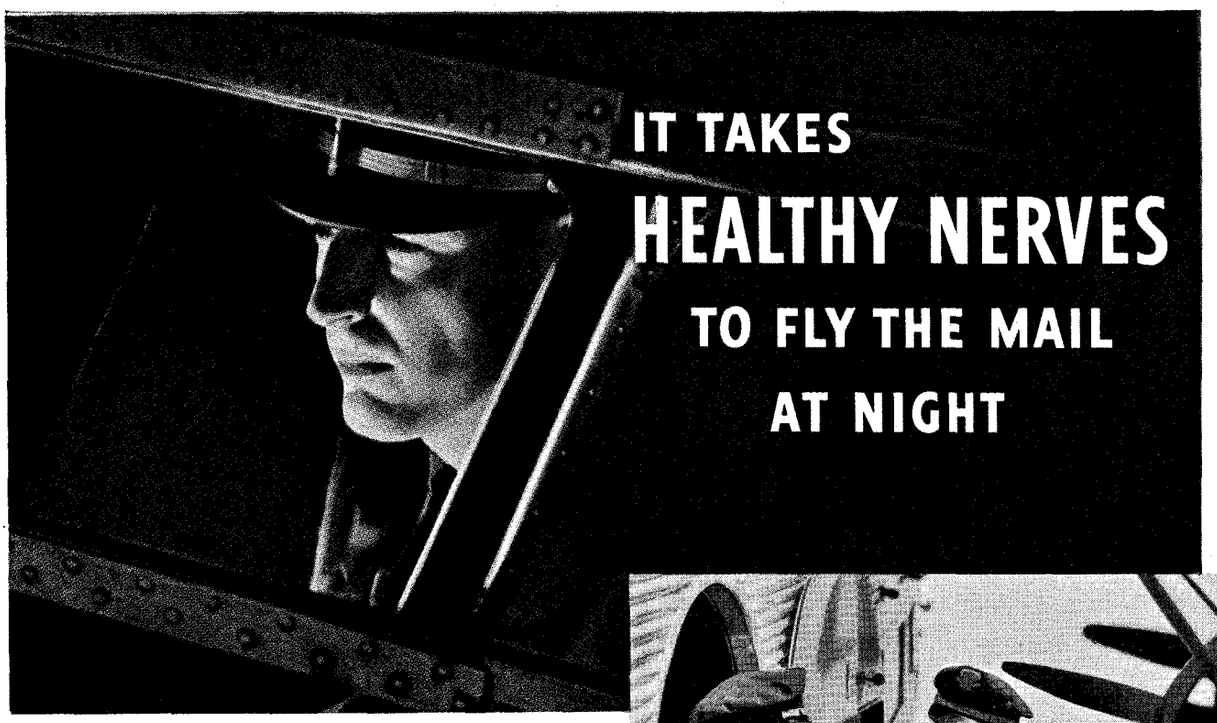
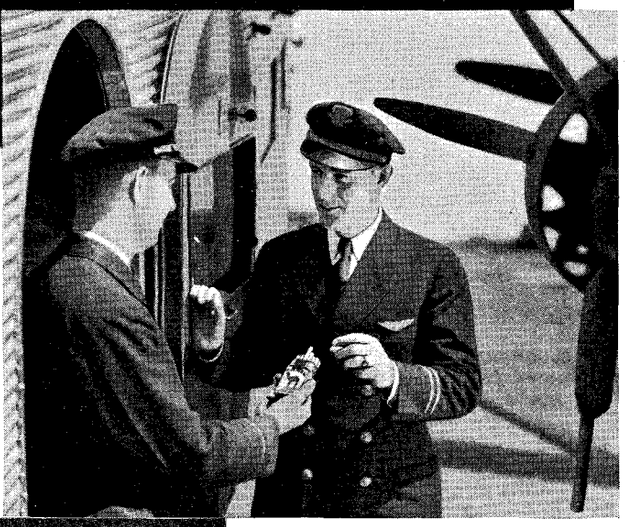


IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO FLY THE MAIL AT NIGHT

● ABOVE—A. M. WILKINS, air-mail pilot for Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., has flown the night air mail over 150,000 miles. It takes healthy nerves to hang up a record like that!



● RIGHT—AT THE END of his night run A. M. Wilkins joins a fellow pilot, W. Niedernhofer, at Newark Airport, the Eastern Terminal of TWA, for a chat and a smoke. "Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves," Wilkins says.

● EVER NOTICE HOW airplane passengers smoke at each stop? Camels never get on your nerves, no matter how much you smoke, and there's more real enjoyment in their costlier tobaccos.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They are milder, richer in flavor. They never tire your taste or get on your nerves.

STEADY SMOKERS TURN TO CAMELS

A. M. WILKINS, air-mail ace, says: "It's a steady grind, all right, living up to our tradition that *the mail must go through!* That's why I smoke Camels. And I smoke plenty! Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves, and I like their mild, rich flavor."

* * *

Steady smokers turn to Camels because the costlier tobaccos in Camels never get on the nerves ...never tire the taste. *Your* taste and *your* nerves will confirm this. Start smoking Camels today!

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Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

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A Machine That Bosses Other Machines

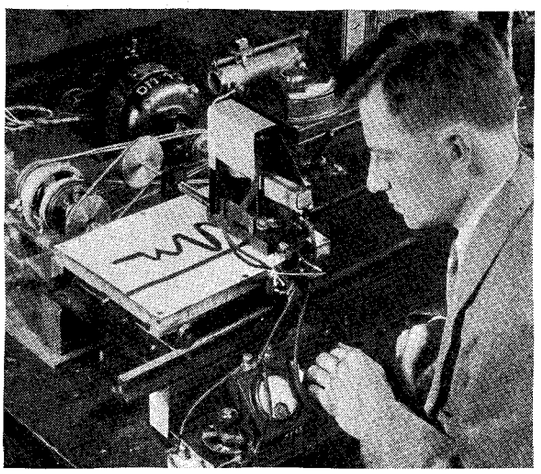
ENGINEERS of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have recently developed a machine "that follows a line like a hound following a trail." Not only can the apparatus—called a "servo-mechanism"—follow an irregular line, but it can actuate other machinery in accordance with the changes of line, and so guide ships, air-planes and complicated mechanical computation machines.

The usefulness of servo-mechanisms is increasing rapidly as they become more accurate and the operations necessary in controlling machinery more complicated. The "mechanical mike" that helped Wiley Post find his way around the world was a servo-mechanism. The term is used to describe any device that guides or controls other apparatus.

A major difference between the operation of Post's automatic pilot and the new M.I.T. apparatus is that the former is designed primarily to follow a straight line, keeping its dependent machinery so adjusted as to pursue a predetermined direct course. Such mechanisms are usually gyroscopically controlled.

The M.I.T. device, which was suggested by Dr. Vannevar Bush and developed under Dr. H. L. Hazen, depends on an entirely different principle. Instead of gyroscopes it makes use of a light-sensitive cell, so connected that light passing through a narrow slit causes it to deflect a balanced electrical circuit through a small reversible electric motor. The motor in turn drives a worm gear which moves either to the right or left, as necessary, the part of the apparatus carrying the light-sensitive cell.

On one side of the line to be followed the paper is darkened; on the other side it is permitted to reflect most of the light falling upon it. The electrical circuit is "balanced" in such a way that when the slit is directly over the edge of the line, covering half dark and half light, no current will flow. When the slit moves toward the dark side, current flows in a direction that causes the motor to pull the machine toward the white. When too much light enters the slit from the white side, the current is reversed and the slit and cell are pushed over toward the dark.



M.I.T. Official photograph

THE SERVO-MECHANISM AT WORK

Dr. H. L. Hazen of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology watching the device following a curve, part of a complicated engineering problem

The secret of quick action lies in the motor, which has been specially designed to cut down weight in the armature, the part that rotates. This is so light that the motor, on a tiny current, can reach its full speed of 500 revolutions per minute in one-fiftieth of a second. To prevent the apparatus from running too far and overshooting its mark, it is "damped" by a device that stops the motor quickly when the current ceases to flow.

Among the numerous possible applications of the new device is the automatic steering of ships or aircraft by direct reading of the needle of the magnetic compass. It can also be applied to gun control, to automatic control of industrial processes and many other uses.

Science Snap-Shots

Measuring Blood Velocity

German physiologists have devised an ingenious method of estimating the velocity of blood circulation, reports *Science News Letter* (Washington, D. C.). It depends on the reaction to light of the dyestuff fluorescein. The presence of this dye in the blood is indicated by a greenish color of the lips when viewed under pure white light in a darkened room.

In making a test, a small quantity of fluorescein solution is injected into the blood-stream in a remote part of the body, and the time required for it to show on the lips observed. The average time has been found to be about twenty-one seconds, tho it varies greatly. The test can be used in studying circulatory and cardiac diseases.

Accelerating Seed Germination

The sprouting of acorns, wheat, lettuce and Canada field pea seeds can be speeded up by treating them ordinary illuminating gas, while other kinds of seeds, especially tomato, either show no effect or are retarded by gas treatment, it has been learned by Carl G. Deuber, assistant professor of plant physiology at Yale University.

The experiments were prompted by the earlier discovery that illuminating gas may act as a stimulant to dormant trees. They have not progressed far enough to reveal why the gas has such effects.

Foods of Ancient Peoples

The inhabitants of Germany in the Iron Age, about 800 B. C., ate ground grains, milk, and butter made of hazelnuts, according to Dr. Johannes Grüss, of Berlin-Rahnsdorf, who examined recent archæological finds discovered near Mühlbach, Germany. The relics consisted chiefly of the remains of a man and food urns that had been buried with him.

The body had been cremated before burial, and an urn containing hazelnut butter was in the fire. This sterilized the contents, and Dr. Grüss found the butter still in good condition, though 2,700 years old.

Effects of Oxygen Shortage

When the body is receiving too little oxygen the hunger contractions of the stomach are decreased and there is often a slowing down of stomach digestion, resulting in a prolongation of the time required for that organ to empty itself. The less oxygen received by the body, the longer the time required by the stomach for its work.

These are physiological effects so far noted by investigators of the Department of Physiology of West Virginia University who are studying oxygen shortage, technically known as "anoxemia." These studies are of importance in understanding various disease conditions. They also reveal what happens to aviators and mountain climbers at high altitudes.

New Uses for Cotton Lint

Russian chemists have developed a method of removing the short fibers, or "linters" from cottonseed by the use of gaseous hydrochloric acid, and are now looking for new uses for the lint, once a waste product of cottonseed. They expect to produce about 85,000 tons a year from the cotton crop of Middle Asia, B. T. Ardashev of the Institute for Technological Chemistry of the U. S. S. R., has reported to the American Chemical Society.

Chemically, linters are nearly pure cellulose. Large quantities are used in this country in the production of artificial silk, cellophane and other cellulose products.

Fighting Locusts in Argentina

The battle against insect pests is world-wide, and annually becomes more intense. New evidence of this comes from Argentina, where the United Press reports more than 1,500 miles of barriers are to be built across the pampas to halt an invasion of locusts during the spring season, which will soon arrive there.

Squads of locust fighters are to be organized by the Government along the entire line to push extermination of the pests in the northern provinces. The barriers will consist of sheets of zinc eighteen inches high in front of which will be ditches deep enough to trap the insects.

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Æ.—"J. W. B.," Water View, Va.—Neither the ancient Roman nor the ancient Greek alphabets had any letter that represented the sound of *i* in *mine*. To get around that deficiency, the Greeks used the two combined letters *ai*, which separately sounded as *ah* and *ee*, in speech became one sound like *ai* in *aisle*. The Romans used a similar device, but they decided that the sound was more nearly that of *ah* and *ay (e)*, or *æ*. To indicate that the two letters were to be regarded as one symbol, they wrote it *Æ*. This device is still used in many words, not only when it must be capitalized in the beginning of words, but as a diphthong within words. The sound is now various, as the *e* in *me*, the *e* in *get*, the *i* in *mine*, the *a* in *fat*, and the *a* in *day*.

bid.—"W. E.," Boley, Okla.—The past tense of the verb *bid* is *bade*, *bad*, or *bid;* the perfect participle is *bidden* or *bid;* the present participle, *bidding*. In the sense, "to make an offer," the form *bid* is generally used, not only in the present, but in the past and in the perfect participle. In the sense, "to command or order," the past is either *bade* or *bad*, and the perfect participle, *bidden*, or *bid*.

Synonyms for the first sense are, "to make an offer, to offer, to proffer, to propose, to tender"; for the second sense, "to order, to command, to direct, to instruct, to enjoin, to invite, to beg, to pray."

choir.—"E. R.," Tamaqua, Pa.—The pronunciation of this word is *kwair—ai* as in *aisle*. *Choir* is derived from the Middle English *quer*, *quere*, from the Old French *cuer*, choir of a church (Modern French *chœur*) from the Latin *chorus*. The change from Middle English *quere* to *quyer*, *quire* goes closely with that of *brere* and *frere* to *brier*, *friar*. The spoken word is still *quire*, tho since the close of the 17th century this has been fictitiously spelt *choir*, apparently as a partial assimilation of the Greek-Latin *chorus* or the French *chœur*. The spelling *quire* still persists in the English Prayer-book.

Scotch, Scots, Scottish.—"S. O. G.," Hamilton, Ont., Can.—In the United States the adjectives *Scotch* and *Scottish* are ordinarily used almost interchangeably, altho literary usage prefers the form *Scottish*. In Great Britain the modern tendency is to use *Scottish* or *Scots* instead of *Scotch*, the first being favored in literature when applied to the nation or its institutions except law, which is known as *Scots* law. It is correct, however, to speak of the literature of the *Scots* or of *Scottish* literature. *Scotch* is used of bonnets, caps, collies, mists, terriers, thistle, tweeds, or whisky, and other things. The people are *Scots* or the *Scottish* people.

Current Poetry

Unsolicited Contributions to this Department can not be Returned. Unpublished Poetry Unavailable

Readers of Don Blanding's "Vagabond House" will note a familiar ring, tho a very different range of sentiment, in these singing lines from "Silhouettes" (Ontario, Cal.):

DARK THORN FLOWER

By Don Blanding

Gay and mad are the ones who wear
The twined wild rose with a rakish air
Glad the ones who may twist a wreath
Of roadside clover or gipsy heath.
Proud the brow that may boast the laurel
Band of silver or red carved coral.
But they are doomed who are born to wear
The dark thorn flower in their hair.
They are cursed who must always mourn
Years that betray the harsh dark thorn.

The touch of clover is clean and cool
And cool the lilies plucked from a pool.
Sweet the breath of a strand of May
And sweet a ribband of August hay.
Ginger petals are white and smooth.
Fern fronds heal and poppies soothe.
But dark thorn flowers are red as shame
And the barbs are cruel as blades of flame.
Those who smile while a sick heart grieves
Know the scourge of the dark thorn leaves.
. . . . . .
One will lift his chin with pride,
And callous his aching flesh to hide
The wounds that mark where a faith has died
Crucified by the thorn.

The brave will laugh to still the pain,
The bitter mock and turn insane,
While weaklings die with a festered brain,
Stabbed by the jagged thorn.

Theirs a crown of bleak despair.
Theirs a sorrow they may not share.
And none may know so none may care
That they bear the dark thorn flower.

Whom may they turn to . . . whom may they trust?
Why should they suffer the rankling thrust?
God, I suppose, knows why they must.
He made the dark thorn flower.

Warnings such as this seem never to check those who look for a workless paradise. From the Honolulu *Star Bulletin:*

DOWN IN THE CONGO

By Caroline Parker Smith

White mist rising over a kapoc tree—
The bush, so silent at break of day,
Awaits the golden sunrise on its way
To bathe the tropic river, Ikali.
Out in the jungle far from land and sea
Where everything is water, mold and clay
The derelicts of life at sometime stray
Down to the Congo where all outcasts flee.

Silence there is for man who lives alone
And leaves the world behind—who would forget,
For some "go native" and are out there yet
Thinking their former ways they might atone,
Brooding the while—still harboring regret—
Down in the Congo where the dark nights moan.

Four lines of effortless verse, and behold, we have two portraits, clearly drawn in *Westward* (San Francisco):

FABLE

By H. W. Schreiber

Two people sat in lamplight by a window
To watch the legions of the darkness pass.
One viewed the beauty of the night; the other
Saw only his reflection in the glass.

The stage, the screen, and prose fiction as well as the press called "serious" have united to denounce war, but rarely with the vigor of four brief stanzas in *Fantasy* (Pittsburgh, Pa.):

WAR AND PEACE

By Florence Eakman

Weary and worn from the travail of war
My body and soul would rest,
For life is hard for such as I
Who have fought and bled and have seen men die
And go to their God with a jest.

When I lay in the reek of the battle-field
Where Death assumed command,
And I felt at my heart the clutch of fear
And a longing for home and all that was dear,
His presence touched my hand.

But I am just one of a host of youth
Who gave his health for right,
It tore my body and crippled my soul,
I helped to pay the ghastly toll,
I helped to fight the fight.

And God has left me here below
Until my work shall cease,
To carry my cross that the world may see
In the youth of to-day a man . . . like me.
O God! Let There be Peace.

Folk songs, folk dances, and lovely peasant handicrafts owe their spontaniety as well as their charm to a happy unreflectiveness which sometimes one envies, and a contributor to *Kaleidograph* (Dallas, Tex.), touches the theme:

LOST MELODY

By Betty M. Hall

When I wore a Fool's cap
Upon an empty head,
There lived within my heart a rose,
A butterfly of red,
And a little song that sang itself
Wherever fancy led.

Then I laughed with April Breeze
And danced with Daffodil
Where Peace and sweet Content were mine
To have and hold at will;
And the little song that lived within,
Would sing itself with skill.

Now a sombre Thinking-cap
Sits heavy on my head;
The rose is ashen in my heart,
The butterfly has fled,
And in Another Book my song
Lies silently—and dead.

Inspiration: A Journal for Aspiring Poets and Poetry Lovers brings us—

THEME SONG

By Myrtle Vorst Sheppard

I have not sailed the seven seas,
I have not seen the Pyrenees,
I have not trudged hot desert sands,
Nor braved the snows of arctic lands.
I've only known a little house,
A garden plot, young love, and trees. . . .
My eager pen must be content
To sing of these.

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Riding on Top of the World at Seventeen

Hard-Racing Hank Mills of the Wheatley Stable Is Approaching Manhood and the 115-Pound Weight Which Spells the End of a Flashy Turf Career

By Bryan Field

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—A downy-cheeked boy of seventeen, whose jaw never has felt the stroke of a razor, and whose income for 1933 will be about $25,000, has within three years begun and reached the top in his chosen profession. Now he faces the end of his lucrative career.

The youngster is Hank Mills, 109-pound rider for the Wheatley Stable of Ogden Mills and his sister, Mrs. H. C. Phipps. The leading rider at many of the recent race meetings, in the forefront here, and the idol of turf lovers, "hard-riding Hank" is almost at the end of his string Like all boys he is growing up! Within a year it is expected that he will be too heavy for the saddle.

Mills is six pounds and about twelve months away from the inevitable which is faced by all jockeys who are not naturally small men—just a short span away from the bugaboo which finally compelled Earl Sande to cease his "comeback" attempts when the choicest jobs could have been his for the asking. To-day Sande is a slender, dignified figure in the club-house, still close to the 120-pound mark.

The 115-Pound Dead-line

But the dead-line is 115 pounds or thereabouts. And Mills is beginning to lose that chubby, baby-faced look. He still is a naive youngster, with his father and his mother and his brother close beside him at all times —at all times except when he is on the back of a thousand-pound thoroughbred, charging down to the line with ten thousand people imploring him to come on.

Then with hand and heel Hank needs no help. The veterans of the profession know all about it. Mack Garner, Laverne Fator, Pete Walls—top-class riders all—can spot Hank nothing. Garner is the father of four children, the oldest almost Hank's age.

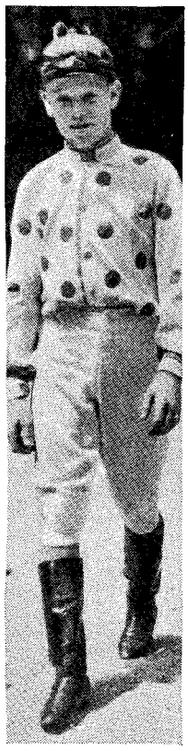
They know the youngster from the West has everything—a good seat, fine hands, swift judgment, a way with a horse, and something else—the impetuosity and recklessness of youth. Mills epitomizes the spirit of daring which makes a rider head a charging thunderbolt at a hole that is too small and scream: "Hi-yaah! Comin' through!" Usually that hole opens wider and the prosaic line is written: "Mills took his mount through close quarters next to the rail and, saving ground, won in a hard drive by half a length."

If the hole does not open, or can not open because of pressure from other horses, there may be a near tragedy such as that which overtook Sande at Saratoga in 1924. He went down in a smother of dust and lashing hoofs and woke up in a hospital with shattered ribs, a broken leg, twisted fingers, and what doctors thought for days was a fractured skull. He came back a greater star than ever from that fall.

A rider can get over an accident. That merely requires courage. The Garners and Fators and Walls have courage, and they take chances too. But not as often as when they were adolescent and had fewer cares and responsibilities. Years ago they found out that the 115-pound dead-line never will bother them so long as they eat carefully, sleep regularly and ride horses constantly.

Mills's Case Is Different

With Mills it is different. He rode his first race-horse in the Canadian Northwest in 1931. He probably exaggerated his age in order to get the leg up, as there are minimum ages in the riding business as in most other lines. Under the wing of his parents Mills worked his way down to California, riding at Tanforan outside of San Francisco and at Agua Caliente, which gains its main patronage from Los Angeles.



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Hank Mills

In December, 1931, Mills weighed about 92 pounds when he became the riding sensation of Miami, Florida. Mills was an apprentice rider, that is one who has not ridden forty winners. Such are given a five-pound allowance over their more experienced rivals. In the early months of 1932 trainer James Fitzsimmons, himself a jockey forty years ago, saw the merit of the blond youngster and bought his "contract" from his parents for $7,500.

By the contract Mills was bound to ride for the Wheatley Stable. He was tossed up on the stars of the string and handled them with an ease and celerity that was amazing. New York applies the acid test to a jockey. There are the best horses, the best riders, the hardest races, the richest stakes.

Hank's Costly Mistake

Hank moved in and held his own. Some said: "Oh, he's a pretty fair rider, but wait until he loses his apprentice allowance." Hank rode his forty winners about the middle of last summer, lost the five-pound allowance and, as the fall approached, he led all the riders of the country. Then in Maryland he lost his head and started fighting on horseback.

In the split seconds that it takes to sweep a turn Mills took a hack at another rider. He wanted to get through, to get on—to win. Back a half-mile a sixty-year-old veteran with snowy hair and keen blue eyes behind a pair of binoculars caught the down slash of the silken clad arm. Over in a twinkling, the steward nevertheless saw and recognized an infraction of the rules of racing.

Mills was set down for weeks. His father was called by the stewards and told to take him home to Colorado and treat him as a young boy should be treated. Mills may have been getting more pay than the president of many a bank, but he also got spanked. He came back in the winter months at New Orleans in a desperate effort to make up for lost time and protect his position as the country's leading rider. But Johnny Gilbert had made hay while the sun shone and edged Mills out by a narrow margin.

This year Mills began to ride about 100 pounds. Now he is up to 109. The scale of weights in this country is lower than that which prevails on the continent or in England, with the result that the number of opportunities for a rider over 112 pounds is sharply reduced. Over 115 the opportunities are few and far between and confined mainly to stake races. And stake events form a very small percentage of the total number of races run.

Mills's shoulders are beginning to look bony. His legs are starting to convey a gangling look. He is two inches taller than a year ago. He is at the age and at the stage of others whose mothers give them sulfur and molasses. Hailing from Colorado as he does, Hank doubtless gets some of that too. His parents are not going to starve him, or permit him to sweat down to an unnatural weight. They hope to place him in business in a year or two and give him a good start with the money he has earned.

Skill and Luck at Golf

Probably there is a bit of luck involved in making holes in one, but luck is not all of it by any means. Taking it by and large, it is the better-than-average golfers who make them. As A. C. Gregson explains it in *Country Life*, the better the golfer, the better the chance of reaching the green on the first stroke, and the better the chance of the ball actually going into the cup.

Mr. Gregson himself, a veteran of thirty-seven years on the links, has seven one shots to his credit—not a record, but surely better than average. For more spectacular feats he points to men like Alex Herd, with eighteen holes in one to his credit, J. T. Smillie and James Braid, with thirteen each, and W. Hubert Flower with twelve. All of these players are in the British Isles.

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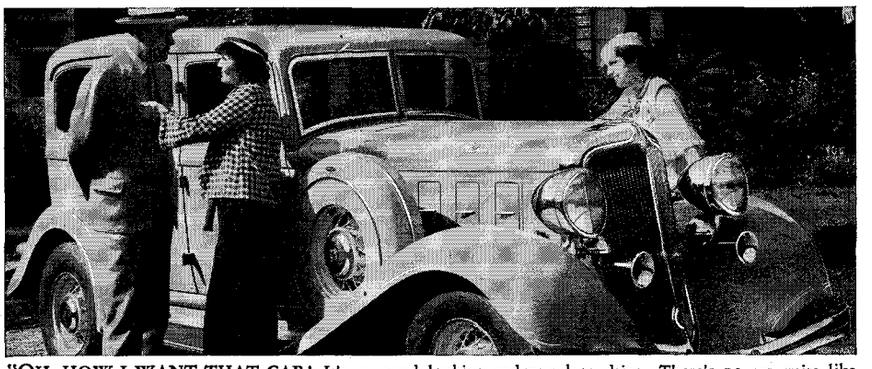

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Opening Up the Galloping Game

By Reagan McCrary

THE teams entered in this year's Open Championship swing into action this week at Meadow Brook, while the colorful Hitchcock lies ill abed, another victim of the East-West matches at Onwentsia. When those matches were first proposed, most of the keen critics of the game in the East were not a little contemptuous of the whole affair.

Louis Stoddard of the Polo Association, felt otherwise about the prospects of a Western team. He had been all through the West and had seen the way they played their sand-lot polo out there—the inspired play that flared up out of keen rivalries that had grown up among widely scattered clubs, the sort of spirit that makes every Army-Navy football game a scrap and a spectacle no matter how one-sided the game might appear on paper.

A Dramatic Series

Every mad moment of every wild period of those three games was replete with all the dramatic elements of good horse-opera —everything from the Frank Merriwell performance of Little Earle Hopping to spectacular flight of young Lochinvar Pedley out of the West.

There can be no doubt that a new and homely name started to climb up among the Hitchcocks, the Laceys, the Andradas, and the Rao Raja Hanut Singhs of polo, when a horse wrangler named Smith left the Head of the River Ranch six years ago and loped over to the L Bar W to learn polo from another puncher named Williams. No man can question the right of that Llano puncher, Cecil Smith, to share 10-goal honors with Tommy Hitchcock.

All those incidents are but a part of polo history. But there are certain aspects of that series that are of lasting significance to the game—such things as the attitude and conduct of the new and growing polo public, the reintroduction of American mounts into high-goal polo, and the infusion of a new and dangerous spirit of recklessness into the game itself.

Getting a Following

There is no grander spectacle known to the seasoned sportsman than a nippy game of polo. Nothing has matched its color since the glamourous days when Knights of the Round Table splintered lances and battered ribs in shining armor. For a number of years all the dashing pageantry of polo was kept rather closely guarded within the forbidden confines of the Meadow Brook Club. They first relaxed their vigil when the Sunday games were opened to the public. Then the Sands Point Club at Port Washington, Long Island, turned its publicity over to a large advertising firm and unashamedly launched a drive, built around the magnetic name of Hitchcock, to draw the Sunday drivers to their games.

Last winter, the Chicago public fought for tickets to the Indoor Championship matches, and yelled their heads off for the dullest polo of the year. The wild enthusiasm of the galleries at Onwentsia for the East-West matches still rings in the ears of the Easterners to whom such a display at a polo game was most unorthodox. Polo was sold to the public out there—but for a price.

In the last game of the series, probably for the first time in his life, Hitchcock was roundly and loudly booed by a partizan gallery, untutored in the traditional ethics that govern the conduct of spectators at polo—a warning to those who try too hard to fill the stands.

Eastern players and critics alike have been most enthusiastic in their praise for the American-bred mounts of the Western team, all of which should lend impetus to a move that is now under consideration that will prohibit members of the American teams in future Internationals from playing other than American-bred ponies. Since the game got too fast for the scrub cowponies, it has become a regular racket for invading English and Argentine teams to meet the demands of American players for faster mounts by unloading their entire string of animals at auction after the Internationals. Such American breeders as Tom Mather, Lea Aldwell, and George Miller of Texas, and Neil McCarthy of California, have every reason to expect that there will be a steady increase in the demand for American-bred mounts now that they have been so well advertised by their performance in the East-West matches.

The Forthcoming Open

In view of the fact that six of the limping veterans of Onwentsia are playing in the Open, it is to be hoped that they will benefit by their bruises to the extent of frowning on a repetition of the wild play that characterized the East-West matches, lest that reckless spirit should spread among the twenty-six youngsters who are playing for the Thorne Memorial Cups at Meadow Brook. With Hitchcock out, the field for this year's Open narrows down to a race between Jock Whitney's Greentree team with Cecil Smith; Aurora with Knox, Mills, Boeseke, and Gerry; the Hurricanes with Bostwick, Capt. Pat Roark, Sanford, and Strawbridge; and Templeton, last year's winner with Phipps, Winston Guest, Stewart Iglehart, and Rathborne. Barring an upset, Templeton should go into the finals with Aurora and come out a second straight winner.

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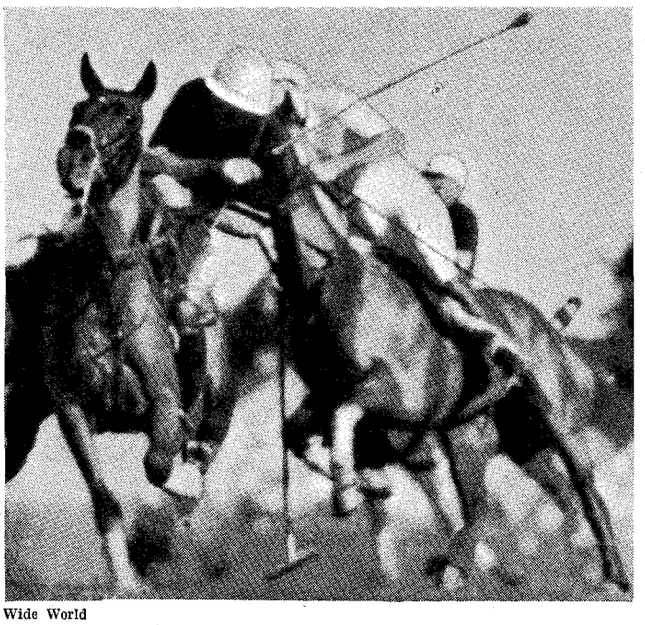
TOMMY HITCHCOCK

A victim of Onwentsia



Wide World

CONTACT!

26 fouls for the East; 15 for the West

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CECIL SMITH

Another 10-goal player

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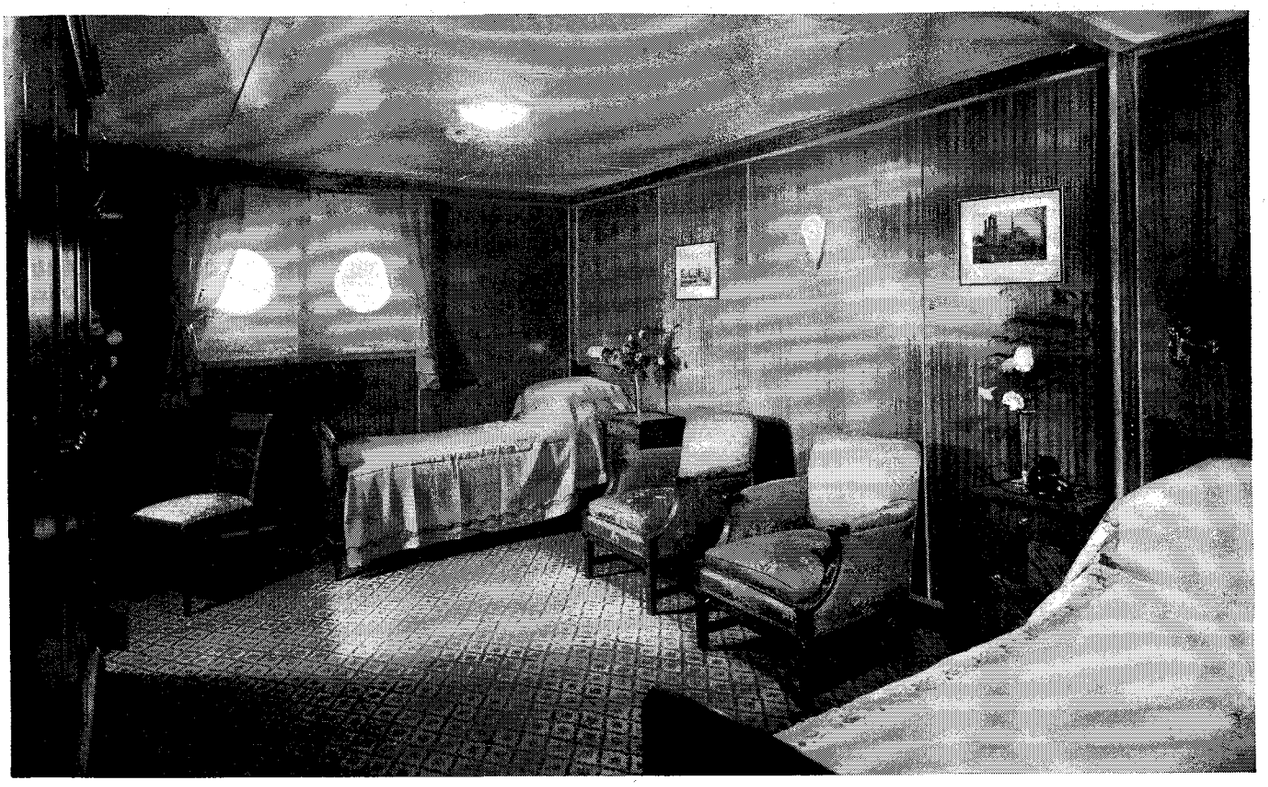
but Reserved for **TWO**



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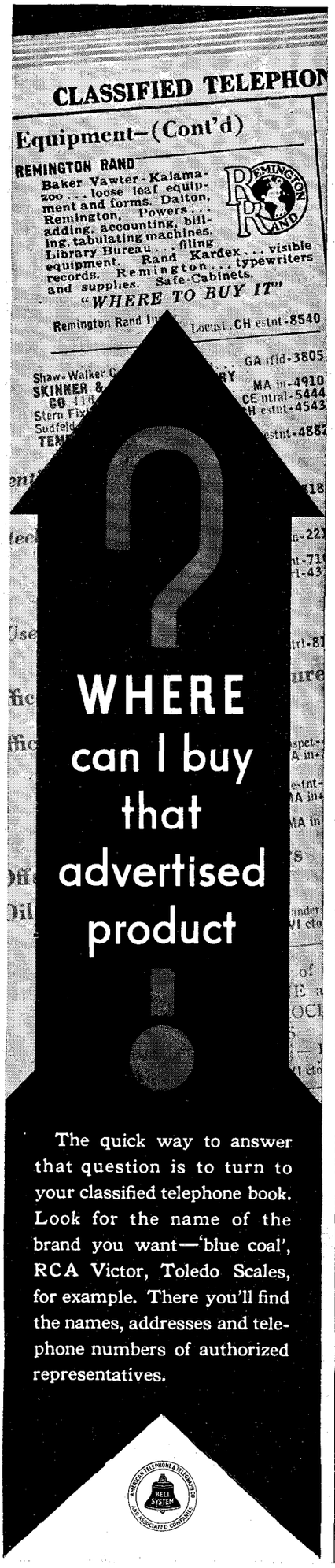
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BELL SYSTEM

Amateur Golfers on a Jumbo Course

The Kenwood Course

Hole	Yards	Par	Hole	Yards	Par
1	404	4	10	370	4
2	176	3	11	315	4
3	562	5	12	166	3
4	438	4	13	444	4
5	134	3	14	373	4
6	594	5	15	407	4
7	369	4	16	244	3
8	395	4	17	573	5
9	445	4	18	371	4
Out	3,517	36	In	3,263	35

The long, hard Kenwood golf-course at Cincinnati is ready for the players gathering for the United States amateur. The field—Ross Somerville of Canada, defending champion, Johnny Goodman of Omaha, open champion, and perhaps strongest contender for the crown; Johnny Fischer, a Cincinnati player, who is making good in golf in a big way; George Dunlap, and the rest—will do well to be groomed to similar pitch, for Kenwood is a tough layout. Its 6,780 yards constitute one of the longest routes amateurs have ever been called on to travel in a national tournament.

There is a bit of paradox to be found in a comparison of this course with Blue Mound at Milwaukee, where the longer driving professionals staged their annual battle. Blue Mound stops at 6,270 yards.

Kenwood is a course for heavy hitters, where they may fire away with all their power. It has, we read in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, "rolling and lengthy fairways, natural hazards, large greens, and deep, treacherous traps," which will "offer a real test to the golfing mettle of the nation's leading amateurs."

Kenwood is unusual also in that it is a thirty-six-hole layout, including two championship courses. The amateur will be played over number one. Par for the course is 71.

In yardage balance, too, Kenwood is unusual—254 yards more in the first nine holes than in the second—3,517 against 3,263. "The chap who squanders forty strokes in reaching the turn need not tear up his card," says George Trevor of the New York *Sun*, consolingly. "He faces a glowing chance to retrieve disaster on the shorter homeward journey."

Again, in number of par 5 holes (three to the more customary two) the Cincinnati links are outsize. There are the 562-yard third, the 594-yard sixth, and the 573-yard seventeenth. They make up nearly a mile of backbreaking effort. They are anybody's five, and hardly anybody's four. To Mr. Trevor they recall the "lusty gutty ball days when a par 5 hole meant three solid whacks to the green and a tedious trudge between."

The 594-yard sixth takes precedence over almost any other hole the amateurs have been called upon to play in their national tournament. But for drama, the palm must go to the 573-yard seventeenth, which is "paralleled by an out-of-bounds area from tee to green on the left. Competitors had better employ an open stance on this tee," Mr. Trevor advises, "edge the right foot forward a bit and play for a slight slice rather than risk a hook into no man's land.

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TWO WHO WILL PLAY AT KENWOOD

Johnny Goodman of Omaha, open champion, (left), and Ross Somerville of Canada, defending champion

"A triad of traps, perched on the brink of a grassy ravine which bisects the fairway, must be carried by a lusty brassie swipe in order to open up the closely trapped green to a pitch and run. If you can span 450 yards in two big bites you will be sitting pretty in the vestibule of the green. If not, you must slash blindly over the bristling bunker and the deep gulley with virtually no chance of holding the green should you get there at all."

As a relief from—or at least in contrast to—the par 5 holes, there are four par 3's: Number two, 176 yards, number 5, 134; number 12, 166; and number 16, 244.

These call for an assortment of implements, such as brassie, spoon, and number 1, 3, 4, and 6 irons. The 244-yard sixteenth calls for "all you've got in the way of a

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spoon poke." The green is of generous size and wide open, and at 210 yards is a "dog-eared" bunker.

Still, Kenwood is not as hard a course as Oakmont, which, according to Mr. Trevor, still holds first place in size among courses where the national amateur has been played. Nevertheless, "brute length takes an inevitable toll of strokes." It is quite possible, he concedes, "that a pair of eighties may be good for a week's stop-over at Cincinnati."

Japan Goes Jig-saw

East is East and West is West, but games know neither the meridian nor the compass, and in a Tokyo department store, behold what crowds surround that latest importation—the jig-saw puzzle!

A demonstrator is on hand to tell the crowds what the game is all about, says the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific*, whose editor remarks, "Japan has a lot of time, because her traditions are so, because efficiency has not become an idol. Will Japan have time for jig-saw?"

Despite the demonstrator's elucidations and the large explanatory poster on the wall behind her, sales resistance is pretty vigorous. "A childish game!" says one Jap in three. But the jig-saw puzzle is selling well, for all that, we are assured, and its American origin seems to help it along. Japan adopted yo-yo. It adopted pee-wee golf. Label any game American, and, as the Tokyo journalist observes, Japan will gobble it up."

Golfer's Slice No "Act of God"

Hit in the eye by a golf-ball as she was motoring, a New York woman took the eye to Judge Pettie's court the other day and sought damages in the amount of $1,000.

To this the golfer's counsel objected strongly, arguing that a gust of wind had carried the ball off its course, and that consequently, the accident was an "act of God."

The judge gave the case to the lady, who gets $750, and said in the course of a nineteen-page decision:

"It must be conceded that, altho golf should not be deemed a hazardous game, a driven golf-ball is a very dangerous missile and that its flight and direction can not always be controlled by the player. The uncertainty is a part of the game. The ball, when struck, is liable to go down the fairway or fly off to the right or left or at any angle.

"The element of danger, therefore, tho not intrinsic in the game itself, is nevertheless present, according to a given set of circumstances.

The situation is not changed by the fact that the act of propelling the ball is in itself not wrongful and is for a lawful purpose, that is, to play the game.

"It is not likely that the conclusions I have reached work undue hardship upon any golf club, since the risk may be readily insured against for a premium which in the nature of things will be quite small."

Mrs. Andrews had two good reasons for changing her mind—

AND BOTH WERE BOYS

"I wish you didn't have so much life insurance," said Laura Andrews to her husband. "We may never need it."

"But if anything should happen to me, you certainly would," replied Mr. Andrews. "How else would you be sure of enough money to raise Joe and Tom properly?"

He continued, "The way the policies are arranged now, you are sure of enough income to take care of the boys until they are ready for college. Then the income will be increased so that you can put them through college. Assuming all goes well and I live to see them through myself, you and I can use these same policies to provide ourselves with incomes for the rest of our lives."

"Well, that's different!" said Mrs. Andrews. "If insurance can make the future so secure for ALL of us, I'm for it."

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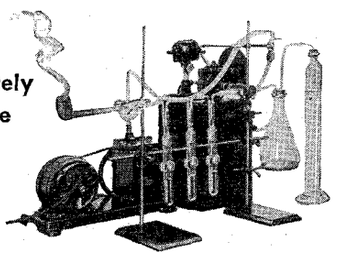

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The Toll of a Strenuous Tennis Season

Mrs. Helen Wills Moody's default to Miss Helen Jacobs in their finals match in the women's national singles tournament gave to lawn-tennis followers their choicest topic for discussion since Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen defaulted to Mrs. Molla Mallory in 1921. In the third set of this year's match, with the score 8—6, 3—6, 3—0 against her, Mrs. Moody, without warning, walked to the umpire's chair and announced that she was through. Thus Miss Jacobs retained, in a somewhat disappointing way (altho there is no question of the brilliance of her play), the championship she won last year when Mrs. Moody was not competing. By her dramatic action Mrs. Moody did more than give Forest Hills its greatest sensation in years.

"I felt as if I were going to faint because of pain in my back and hip and a complete numbness of my right leg," she said later in a statement.

Many more players of the year might voice similar troubles. Alice Marble. Ellsworth Vines. Fred Perry. And, not least in this list, Miss Jacobs, too. The most striking fact of this women's finals match was that both players were competing in spite of painful indispositions, and against their doctors' orders.

Mrs. Moody's back trouble, much discussed since her triumphant return from Wimbledon, through which tournament she is said to have played with a brace, had previously been diagnosed, according to the New York *Times*, as "subacute unstable fifth lumbar vertebra symptoms."

Miss Jacobs's heart condition, according to her physician, Dr. Thomas C. Chalmers, as quoted by the United Press, was not good. She was also suffering with an acute inflamed gall-bladder condition. It was necessary for her to have stimulants during the match.

Is Mrs. Moody Through?

As for the play itself, many see it as the end of Mrs. Moody's long reign on the courts. She was, naturally, far below her best. Her continuance in tournament play is said to depend on her condition after a several months' rest. On the other hand, according to Fred Hawthorne of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Miss Jacobs was never better.

The controversy over the ethics of Mrs. Moody's default is acid. Some contend that she should have gone through the motions of finishing the match. Some go so far as to call her a "poor sport." Not so John R. Tunis of the New York *Evening Post*, who outlines his belief that her action was fitting, reasonable, and proper, and may spike "the prevalent idea that a Davis Cup or a national title is a Holy Grail for which one should risk one's life and, if necessary, sacrifice one's health."

This year's tennis casualty list—even without this incident—is impressive.

In the interzone finals of the Davis Cup play Ellsworth Vines, playing with a sprained and bandaged ankle, fainted from nervous exhaustion in his match with Fred Perry of England. The incident provoked a storm of criticism of the training and condition of the United States team.

A little later it was Perry's turn. After defeating Cochet in the challenge round he, too, fainted from fatigue in his dressing-room.

Miss Jacobs's Troubles

Returning to American courts—to Seabright and to Miss Jacobs—it is recalled that the day before her match with Sarah Palfrey she was in a faint for half an hour. She recovered sufficiently, however, to play, but again against her doctor's orders.

In connection with this incident, and Miss Jacobs's condition in the national singles, Dr. Chalmers recalled in a United Press interview, that Miss Jacobs was ill at the time of the Wightman Cup matches two years ago. Dr. Chalmers was "called to Forest Hills Inn three hours before play was to start. Miss Jacobs was doubled up with ptomaine poisoning. He ordered her to bed, but she said, 'No, you must fix me up.'"

The doctor tried to induce her not to play, but she replied, "No, we might lose if I quit."

Dr. Chalmers "went to work and she came through all right."

At East Hampton Miss Marble was so worn out with excessive play that in her match with Betty Nuthall her game, in the opinion of observers, "collapsed completely." Because of this she did not play all of her Wightman Cup matches, and because of her back Mrs. Moody did not take part in the international meeting.

Alien Boxers Look This Way

Jack Petersen, British heavyweight champion, is one of a number of foreign boxers who are casting sheep's eyes toward the American fight market, according to a copyrighted dispatch from W. O. McGeehan, in Paris, to the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Another of these aspirants is Walter Neusel, a German heavyweight, who is regarded as sort of runner up and possible successor to Max Schmeling.

Mr. McGeehan sketches the pedigrees of these worthies. Of Petersen he says:

"He is from Cardiff, Wales. Mr. Trevor Wignall, the boxing authority of England, is particularly sweet on Petersen, Mr. Wignall himself being a Welshman.

"One thing that may deter Petersen from crossing the Atlantic is the matter of money. He is said not to be sordidly commercial, but he is practical. I read that he is to be guaranteed £5,000 for his next fight, win, lose or draw."

Of Neusel, Mr. McGeehan tells this story:

"Some time back, Neusel lost a bout to a ham and beaner in England on a foul. Of course, they do not call the third-rate heavies ham and beaners in England. I believe that they are referred to as mutton-pie eaters and alers, it being a universal

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custom to call poor fighters after some plebeian article of diet in the country in which they live.

"Herr Neusel retrieved himself in a subsequent fight with Jack Petifer, the constable. After this one, the boys began to refer to Herr Neusel as the Tiger."

Another Freak Golf Tale

Golfers love to recount their strange shots. In our issue of August 12 we told the story of Dr. Frank J. Dawson, who wound up for a mighty blow, struck the ball in such a way that instead of going down the line it popped straight up in the air—at which point the doctor, much to his own surprize, took his right hand from the club, reached out and caught the ball before it fell.

The story of Dr. Dawson's "freakiest shot" has called forth from Dr. G. A. Bunting of Baltimore the story of one that seems no less singular. Dr. Bunting, playing in a threesome, was approaching the fifth hole. Here, he writes us, "my ball landed in the center of the sand trap, located about six feet below the green. My intention was to pitch the ball out and up with my number five iron. The ball did not clear the edge, rebounded over my head, but while it was in mid-air I unconsciously used my iron as a tennis racket, and the ball fell on the green within ten feet of the hole."

Big Game Is Not Losing Out

The big-game population of the United States is holding its own, says Vernon Van Ness in the New York *Times*. He makes the assertion in reviewing a Department of Agriculture bulletin based on reports from nearly 150 national forests.

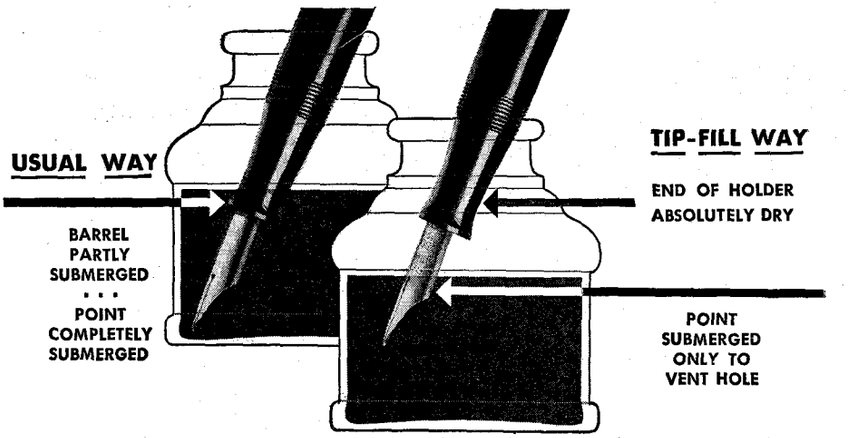
The number of deer in national forests fell from 969,330 in 1931 to 946,546 in 1932. They have shown an increase, however, in such States as Pennsylvania and New York. Forage conditions and more intensive hunting have brought about the decrease over the country as a whole. However, writes Mr. Van Ness, "Antelope, brown and black bears, elk and moose, where maintained under national forest management, have shown consistent gains in the last two years, the report points out."

The 1936 Olympic Games

Germany is already laying elaborate plans for the 1936 Olympic games, to be held in Berlin. A stadium in western Berlin will be the scene of the meeting. Near by, in a temporary settlement, like Olympic Village in Los Angeles last year, visiting athletes will be lodged.

German authorities preparing for the games are looking forward to a turnover of $2,750,000, an Associated Press dispatch from Berlin reports. They expect to sell from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 tickets at prices ranging from $1 to $5. A government subsidy, a national lottery and sales of memorial stamps and memorial phonograph records will aid the project. A swimming pool will be removed to provide for additional seats, bringing the capacity of the stadium up to 85,000.

NO INK ON THE HOLDER!
NO INK ON THE HANDS!



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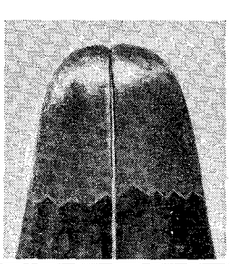

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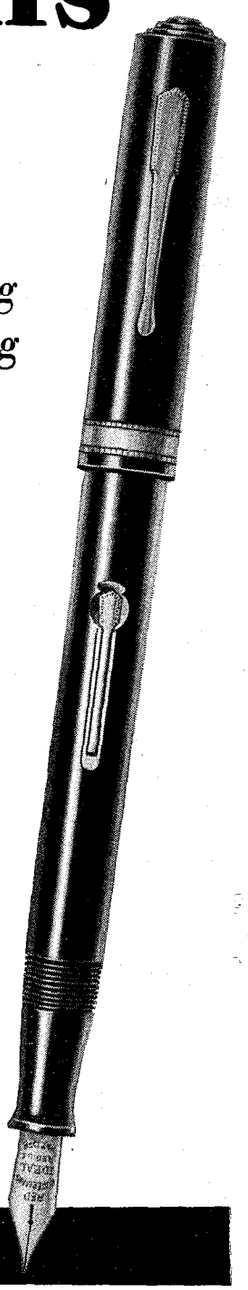

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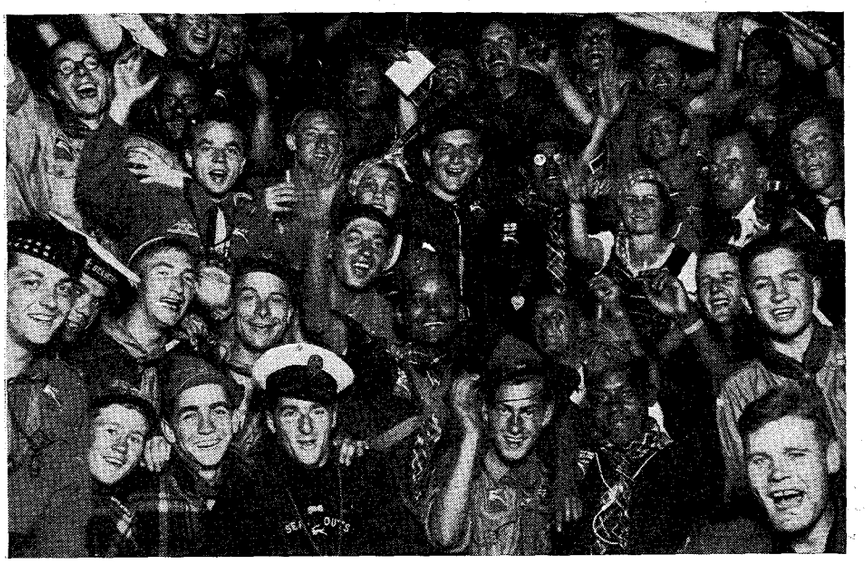
Boy Scouts Home From Hungary

30,000 at the Gödöllö Jamboree Made Friends, Swapped Medals, Stories and Lessons and Learned That Boys Are the Same the World Over

"BROTHER!" Thirty thousand boys shouted the word in unison in thirty-seven languages, as they stood massed in the historic arena at Gödöllö, Hungary. So the fourth world jamboree of the Boy Scouts came to an end. A camel rose lazily to his feet for the journey back to Syria, the delegation from Texas packed their bull snake, and Bill Finnegan, sixteen-year-old Indian Boy Scout, who had taught the others how to scalp, put his hatchet back in his belt.



Globe photograph

Boys From Thirty-Seven Nations

The field, a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, was once the hunting ground of the Hungarian emperors. Near there, in 1849, Windischgratz, the Austrian general, was defeated by Gorgey, the Hungarian commander. Now Hungarian school children will remember it as also the scene of the greatest international conference their country has known—and the most successful.

What the Boys Did

What did the Boy Scouts do while they were there? They made friends with one another—each was supposed to make five for keeps—swapped yarns, badges and uniforms, ate and played together, and learned that boys are the same the world over. Outwardly they are Chinese and Japanese, American and English, French and Austrian, Syrian and Arab, black, white, yellow, and brown. But underneath they are just boys, with the common heritage of boyhood and a universal language all their own. One had but to say "change," and the swapping began, "flapjack," in the making of which the Americans are taught, and the others ran with hands outstretched. Bonds even in a flapjack—and Raoul will remember.

Ten thousand Hungarian Scouts acted as hosts. In one day 70,000 visitors came to the great camp of youth. Thirty thousand peasants, dressed in native costume, paraded for the assembly. Hungary became a synonym for hospitality.

None was happier and prouder than Chief Scout Gen. Lord Robert Baden-Powell, who conceived the idea of the movement twenty-five years ago, and has seen it come to its ever-youthful prime. With Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, both mounted on white chargers, he rode around the Scout lines, and then galloped back to the reviewing stand, a bit wobbly in the stirrups and unsteady in his seat—for it has been a long time since Mafeking—and from there watched the Scouts march by and dip their standards in honor of himself and the other notables gathered about him.

The march past the reviewing stand was led by the French Scouts, the Hungarians bringing up the rear. At the formal opening of the jamboree, later in the afternoon, the Scout flags were blessed in Protestant, Catholic, Jewish and Mohammedan services, symbolizing the fact that the Boy Scouts know no sectarian barrier, and that their oath, "duty to God and duty to others," is in harmony with every faith.

Scouts at Home Listen

Eight broadcasting networks carried a description of the opening ceremony around the world, and Scouts in every land listened. Standing between Chief Scout Lord Baden-Powell and Prince Gustav Adolf, a son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, who is the leader of the Swedish Boy Scouts, Admiral Horthy greeted the visitors, first in English, saying that he was happy to welcome them. Then, in Hungarian, he reminded them that the "general ties of friendship of all nations will be made stronger through Scouting, which promotes good-will, mutual understanding, peace and cooperation among nations for the benefit of humanity."

"You are here for a few days," said Lord Baden-Powell. "Waste no time. Make a new friend every day from a different country." A telegram came from the Prince of Wales. A message came, too, from President Roosevelt, addressed to Walter W. Head, president of the Boy Scouts of America, and presented to the Scouts by Dr. James E. West, chief Scout executive of the Boy Scouts of America.

One of the most inspiring sights of this remarkable gathering occurred at the end of the opening ceremony. As the various delegations marched by the Chief Scout they massed again on the far side of the rally ground. As the Hungarians passed they formed up behind the bands in front of the stand. Then, with a mighty rush, they swarmed up the hill to rally around their Chief. There was a babel of sound but a unity of thought in the cheers they raised as the aged Chief stepped into his car, and standing so that all could see, rode away.

The boys are at home now, bringing with them a lesson from Gödöllö for Geneva—"duty to God and duty to others."

Divorce and Children

Those who jauntily mock at marriage in the name of personal freedom may find a pertinent foot-note to the never-ending controversy about divorce, contained in a survey of juvenile delinquency recently made in Pittsburgh. The survey was made by a sociology student in the University of Pittsburgh.

It shows that 50 per cent. of all children brought into court for theft, property destruction, immorality, etc., came from "broken homes." The statement is made the more significant by the fact that only 18 per cent. of the homes in Pittsburgh have been disrupted. The point to be considered is made clear by the Lynchburg *News:*

"When divorce is discussed we usually hear a great deal about the right of men and women to have freedom, their right to live their own lives, their right to quit one another legally if they can no longer get along. Many of the arguments along these lines are perfectly sound. But somehow it is hard to forget this citation of juvenile delinquency.

"The child is apt to be the chief sufferer in a divorce case; its whole life, indeed, can be ruined by the selfishness or the incompetence of its parents in the marriage relation. Those who talk too glibly about easier divorce might remember the fact."

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The Dry Forces on the Last Line of Defense

SIGNS accumulate that the Prohibition forces are in retreat. Here and there they stick to their guns; but the line is badly broken, there are no reserves of men and munitions, and there is no unity of command.

Through the hole made by a beer barrel the wet hordes pass. Twenty-four States have fallen to them at the time of writing, and it is likely that more will be taken soon. Some of the drys are disposed to accept defeat with such philosophy as they can summon, while others muster their courage for the apparently forlorn hope that they can make a successful last stand in thirteen States. There is talk, too, of retiring to a position prepared in advance—temperance—but whether that will be taken over by the present leaders, or by a new command, in the event of its necessity, is a question not now engaging the attention of the apparently dazed drys.

Acme

Deets Pickett

The debacle, as some of them term it, is attributed to lethargy among their own followers, to defeatism and to the evil power of the anti-Prohibition press—a category that covers the great majority of the newspapers of the country. Little note is taken of popular disapproval of the greatest experiment in sumptuary legislation ever undertaken in the United States, or of the fact that in no State was Prohibition ever absolutely enforceable. Much is made of the curse of drink, but there is no mention of the slayings, corruption, blindness, and disease attributed to it under Prohibition.

Carrying on the Dry Fight

Perhaps no man is more competent to speak for the dry cause than Deets Pickett, research secretary of what was lately known as the Methodist Episcopal Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, but is now the Methodist Episcopal Board of Temperance. In its latest statement the Board appears to take the repeal of Prohibition for granted, and deals entirely with temperance and intemperance. In another statement Mr. Pickett declares his complete faith in the sincerity of purpose of the President, and says: "What we need is the immediate delineation of a Federal policy, moral support of the temperance interest, and study of the entire question with a view to the development of sound advice for the States."

A somewhat despairing note creeps into his words quoted by the central edition of *The Christian Advocate* (Methodist). Speaking of the lack of leadership and loss of power and of the Methodist Board's effort to put on a program of Prohibition education, Mr. Pickett says, "All that is shot now. The trained men are gone, and the high hopes of yesteryear have faded with the mists. But somebody has to do it, and the sooner it is done the less soul destruction and social disorder will result from the present disaster."

"A victory for repeal," says an editorial writer in the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, "will only be made possible through the votes of Protestant Church members and the weakened morale of Protestant preachers." But the Parthian shot is for the newspapers: "It may be said as a final word that our miserable debacle has resulted from the persistent and wide-spread propaganda of misinformation on the part of the wet press."

Saying that Prohibition is lost unless a new enthusiasm can be aroused among dry voters, *The Watchman-Examiner* laments that more drys did not go to the polls in the recent repeal elections. "We believe," says this Baptist weekly, "that it is due in part to discouragement which seems to have gripped the hearts of many hitherto fighting Prohibitionists. We believe that it is due in part to downright, outright, old-fashioned laziness, which causes many people to take their ease, instead of marching forth to do their whole duty. Can we count on our people? Shall we let voting on the question of repeal go by default?"

Dr. Wilson Speaks

But that staunch Prohibitionist and hard fighter, Dr. Clarence True Wilson, does not believe that all is lost. Attempting to cheer up the disheartened hosts, he writes in *Zion's Herald* (Methodist) that "there are twenty-eight States yet to be heard from that have not bowed the knee to Baal." At the time only twenty States had voted for repeal. He believes that if repeal is blocked by from thirteen to twenty States the Eighteenth Amendment would be saved for better days. But "if it perishes by default of our leaders, our ministers, our churches," goes on Dr. Wilson, "when we need it we shall not have it. We shall have the record of an ignominious defeat without a fight, the discouragement of seeing our army on the run, the loss of morale that comes with the failure to rally, and a triumphant enemy. Then all the dry forces will turn to the Eighteenth Amendment or its reenactment, but no soul of this generation will ever see it reenacted if we ignobly lose it."

But thirteen States can save Prohibition, and Dr. Wilson urges thunder from the pulpit, literature for distribution, mass-meetings and leaflets and arguments on the poison of alcohol and "what the return to the saloon would mean to farmers, to every industry, to business men, to savings banks and building and loan associations, to the home and to morals."

Having no disposition to harp upon a broken string, "now that the country's reversal of its policy seems evident," tho it has not reversed its own position, *The Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty* says: "We have never had full confidence in the power of law to solve the liquor problem, or any other problem, but we have supported, and we shall continue to support, every law that in purpose and action makes, in our judgment, for progress and human welfare and larger liberty for all." Whatever the result of the movement for repeal, this Boston weekly believes that Prohibition is not something past and done with but that it is "something woven into the nation's experience, full of examples and lessons that are insistent in their aptness to the nation's present situation and undertaking, if only we have the wisdom and the clearness of vision to heed them." For "it ought to be manifest that if the NRA is to succeed where Prohibition failed it can only be through the development of a moral and social conscience."

Dr. Wilson

The Lutheran accepts the situation and urges the drys to do the same. "We are quite conscious that a great majority of the citizens of this country have reached the conclusion that a mistake was made in adopting the Eighteenth Amendment," it says, "and so far as any political event can be forecast, only a few months will elapse before regulation of the sale of intoxicating beverages will be up to the legislatures of the commonwealths." Urging the drys not to sulk when outvoted and to believe, until experience proves the contrary, that the wets will stick to the promises of the party platforms of 1932, *The Lutheran* insists, however, that the liquor interests be kept from control of the legislatures, be made to collect from drinkers a fund to pay for indigence due to drinking and that the people be educated as to the effect of alcohol on mind and body. It concludes that "no one is required to drink in order to maintain his standing as a patriotic citizen," and that "the privilege of total abstinence still remains among the cherished liberties of this great and glorious republic. It is one form of taxation that can be dodged without disgrace."

Sentenced to Go to Church

Because he beat his wife when he found her reading the Bible, a Kansas resident has been sentenced to attend church twice every Sunday for six weeks in succession. "Evidently," observes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "the magistrate thought that he was making the punishment fit the crime, a rather dubious proposition."

Most people think it a privilege to attend worship, says *The Inquirer*, and it reminds us that "some years ago naval officers strongly protested when a man accused of a crime was sentenced to enlist in the Navy as a punishment. They rightly contended that it was a reflection on the service. Church members may have the same feeling regarding the Kansas incident."

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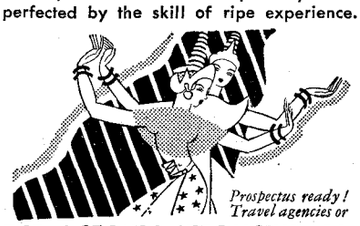
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Conservation—A Big Word

By Charles Lathrop Pack
President of the American Tree Association

Conservation is a big word. Its bigness is not of syllable but of breadth of definition. And this broad meaning is reflected in the act under which the Civilian Conservation Corps was created, and under which some three hundred thousand young men are now at work. While the majority are engaged in a variety of projects ranging from building roads to planting trees, three companies are doing an important and interesting job about which few people know anything. It is one that is of particular concern to the multitude of outdoor enthusiasts interested in our migratory birds.

Back in 1918, the United States and Canada agreed to a treaty to afford better protection for these birds. It was a wise action, and the benefit has been great. Yet the toll of water-fowl and shore-birds continued to rise faster than natural increase could make replacement. Sanctuaries seemed to be the answer. There was a long fight culminating in the Norbeck-Andersen Act permitting the establishment and maintenance of a large number of inviolate sanctuaries. Under the United States Bureau of Biological Survey, this work went forward. Study of available and properly-located areas was made, and acquisitions were finally accomplished. No area was found to be ideal in every way. Various improvements were necessary, but funds were limited. Now it is possible, through the national conservation program, to do this much-needed work.

Three of these migratory bird refuges—Blackwater in Maryland, Swanquarter in North Carolina, and St. Marks in Florida—concern us here, because on these improvement work by the Civilian Conservation Corps has been under way since mid-July, with about two hundred young men established on each refuge. The particular types of improvement work contemplated may be classed under two groupings, those intended to effect better conditions for the birds, and those designed to aid in administration and supervision of the areas. An activity that directly improves the refuge areas is the construction of lookout towers. Tho primarily water-covered, all of the refuge areas include considerable tracts that are exposed to the danger of fires. These block roads and trails destroy protective cover and food-plants, and often seriously pollute the water. The deleterious effect of fire on all forms of wild-life habitat is too well realized to demand further emphasis. The use of dams and dikes to change water-levels was also necessary.

Improvements tending toward better administration and patrolling include the building of wardens' cabins, and roads and trails giving ready access to all parts of the refuges that can be reached by land. The great extent of some of the areas, and the facilities for illegal slaughter that they afford, make them the best of operating places for poachers, whose respect for the law is in proportion to the likelihood of detection and punishment. No braver men exist than the wardens who have charge of these areas, but they are few, and their effectiveness against violators is increased in direct proportion to their ability to reach quickly, by land or water, all parts of the areas under their charge. The new roads and trails, once established, will be of tremendous benefit to the refuges as long as they exist. Naturally, the areas selected to receive the benefits of this emergency effort are outstanding ones, and deserve more than passing notice.

Blackwater Refuge is situated in Dorchester County, Maryland, on the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay. It contains approximately 10,000 acres, many marsh and swampy woodlands, and constitutes one of the wildest areas in the State. In its broad reedy marshes several hundred pairs of black ducks raise their young. There, also, the blue-winged teal maintains one of the few breeding-colonies now found on the Atlantic coast. Under good protection these birds would increase, because the natural opportunities are almost boundless. During migration mallards and pintails are ducks of outstanding importance. To the fisherman, the region is of outstanding interest, and a local industry of no small importance is maintained by the abundance of muskrats.

Swanquarter Refuge, in Hyde County, North Carolina, contains about 8,000 acres of islands in Pamleco Sound, with nearly 20,000 acres of intermingled channels. Some of the islands are heavily wooded, thus affording retreats to a variety of animal life besides the water-fowl and shore-birds, for which it is especially adapted.

St. Marks Refuge, covering nearly 20,000 acres of marshland, extends for nearly fourteen miles along Appalachee Bay, on the gulf coast of Florida. Broad marshes, interspersed with shallow ponds and tidal creeks, characterize most of its area. It is a prime wintering place for Canada geese and various kinds of ducks, and its beaches and marshes constitute breeding places for great numbers of wading and beach birds.

Not the least of the many benefits that will accrue from these projects, in the opinion of many, is the opportunity for education that is afforded. Probably the majority of these six hundred young men, equally divided among the three areas here briefly described, will be able for the first time in their lives to gain first-hand knowledge of the need for conserving our wild-life resources, and of the serious efforts that are being made along this line by the Federal Government, by means of refuges. These men will work in some of the most interesting wild-life habitats in the country, under circumstances that will enable them to study in life hundreds of species of great interest. To the people living near the refuges also, each project will be a powerful object-lesson in the importance and dignity of conservation, and of the duty of all, as citizens, to respect and uphold its tenets. Our wild-life resources are among our most valuable assets, and there can be no higher public duty than to aid in their preservation.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain's Woman Announcer

"The tea-time music to-day," a cooing voice pronounces in casual and well-bred accents, "comes to us from the Hotel Metropole, London. Here is the program."

Ears all over England and Scotland are drinking in her tones, for the début of the United Kingdom's first woman radio announcer is an event of keen popular and artistic interest. Critics cock their heads to catch her rendering of the names of foreign composers and their works.

Mrs. Giles Borrett

"And very properly are the titles spoken," decides a writer in the London *News-Chronicle*, reporting the first station announcements of Mrs. Giles Borrett, whose "golden voice" is to earn her, for "a few words daily," the modest, depression-scale salary of £500 a year—about $2,500 in the days of the gold standard.

The listeners include many American visitors, and some of them comment on the refreshing unaffectedness of the Englishwoman's radio presence, in contrast with what one of them calls the "unctuous bedside manner" of America's favorite radio announcers. The *News-Chronicle* account runs on:

"'Taikon,' that means 'in secret,'" says the Voice confidingly, in speaking to us of a gipsy melody. And to the conservative ear how reassuring to hear it say 'Vairrdee,' and tell us that the orchestra will then play an ayah.

"The lady announcer, ladies and gentlemen!

"*And very nice, too!*"

Then we are told what the music critic of *The News-Chronicle* thought of Mrs. Borrett's first performance:

"A perfect voice for the purpose. The natural quality is of the kind most pleasing in a woman—namely, that which suggests a mezzo-soprano singer.

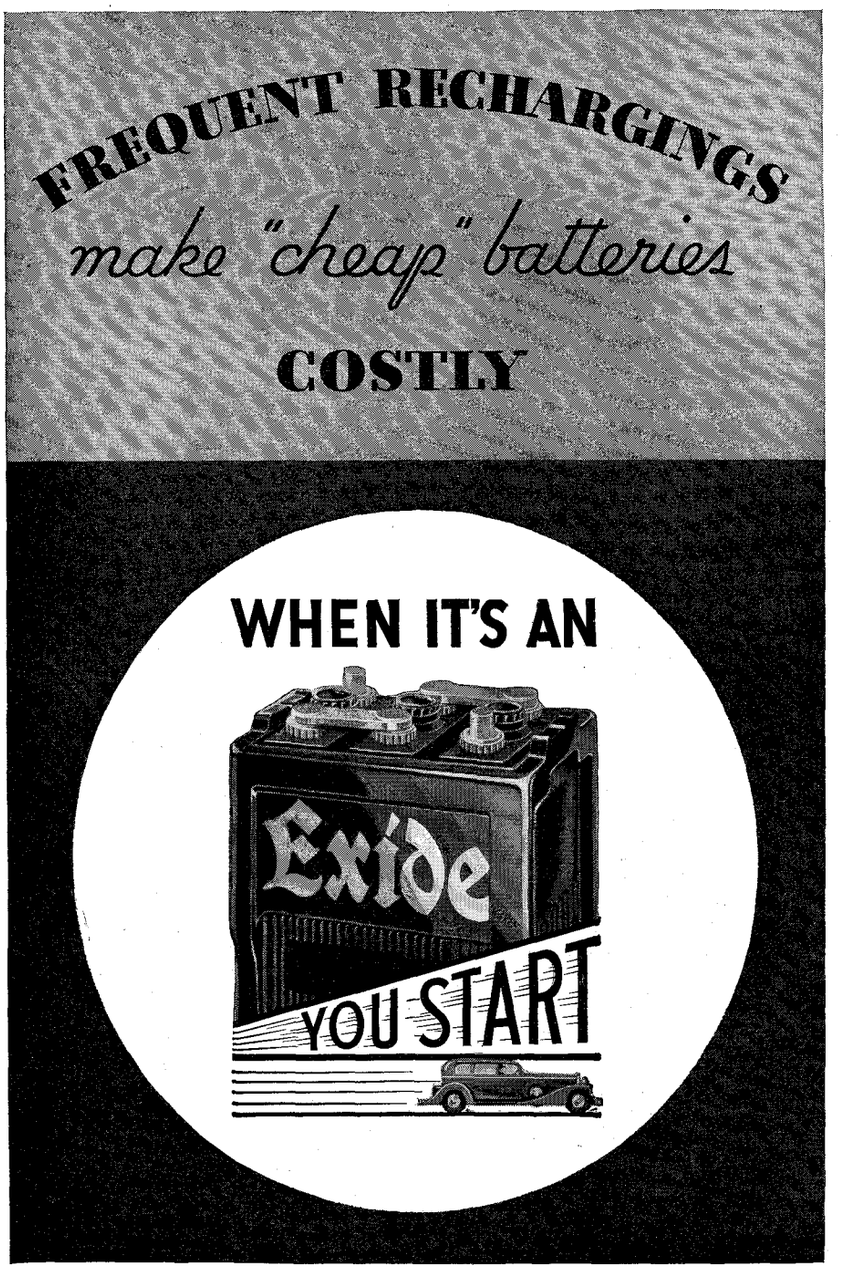
"Her first announcement was unhesitating but unhurried, moved easily, and very confidently between the extremes of monotony and affectation. If dialects are to be removed by the steam-roller of standard speech, this will serve admirably as the new model; for it has the art which conceals art — good, clear vocalization, correctly pitched, pleasing in its cadency, yet free from pedantic exaggeration."

Her next task in the near future would be the broadcasting of news bulletins, the public was told, and meanwhile another critic was quoted thus:

"Cool, businesslike, commanding—such was my impression of the new woman announcer.

"Her tone was authoritative, crisp and clear. There was never a vestige of hesitation. No 'ers,' no gasps or breathings.

"The pronunciation was plain and natural. No trace of the 'refaned' accent.



MANY BATTERIES are really paid for *twice!* First when they are installed and the second time in costly recharges, rental fees and service charges. Don't make the mistake of paying twice for *your* battery. The weather may be mild today . . . but think of the months to come when starting your car will be harder and only the best battery will stand up under the added strain. Buy an Exide . . . the battery that's built to start your car *throughout* the year. Then you'll be playing safe and saving money.

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Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

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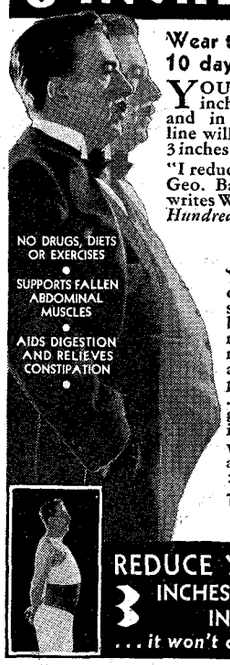
"I REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES" writes GEO. BAILEY



Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense!

YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in 10 days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches"...writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson..... *Hundreds* of similar letters.

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AIDS DIGESTION AND RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

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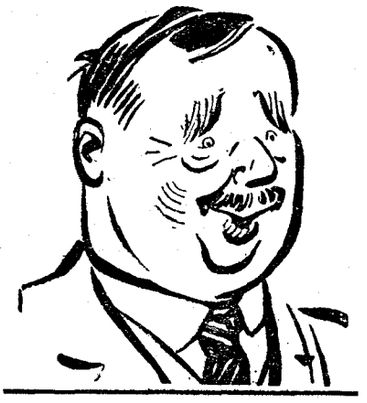
About Books and Their Authors

By Harold de Wolf Fuller

How would you like to live at a time when you could do pretty much as you pleased—with no worry about food, drink, clothing, health, and personal freedom? This is the blessed state which Mr. H. G. Wells pictures for the early years of the twenty-second century. How seriously he takes this imaginative picture no one can say, because he hides behind a pretty invention, namely, that the manuscript of his book, **The Shape of Things to Come** (New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50), was handed over to him by one Philip Raven, an important member of the secretariat at Geneva (deceased in 1930), who between sleeping and waking had marvelous visions of the future, which he carefully transcribed as soon as he became fully conscious. Mr. Wells poses merely as the editor of this manuscript, which, in addition to its forward-looking, glances back in order to rationalize the vision.



A Low impression of H. G. Wells
—*The Evening Standard* (London)

The Age of Frustration, which characterizes the time in which we are now living, was signalized by the London Conference. "The national representatives began to insist with increasing explicitness that national interests must not be sacrificed to the general good, and in a little time it became doubtful if there could be such a thing as the general good. The World Economic Conference became, by imperceptible transitions, a World Economic Conflict just as the League of Nations had become a diplomatic bargain mart."

It is impossible here to trace the various steps by which civilization, gradually overcoming its handicaps, developed into the ideal Socialist World State of the early twenty-second century.

Those who know Mr. Wells's works will understand that the processes by which he arrives at conditions in 2106 (the last year recorded in Dr. Raven's documents) are described and rationalized in great detail, with references to all manner of erudite works on every conceivable subject, quite in the manner of his "Outline of History."

By 2106 decorum, sense of beauty, devotion to the brotherhood of man are the only standards for public and private life.

The Farm. By Louis Bromfield (New York: Harper and Brothers; $2.50). By his latest novel, Mr. Bromfield becomes the high priest of that considerable group of writers who recently have expressed fond regret for the things that are no more, and who desire to escape from the subsequent hodgepodge. "The Farm" is the history of a town in the Middle West, told in terms of vistas and fragrances and numerous characters, from pioneering days down to the Great War. It is the story of four generations of one great family, votaries of the soil, wrought into something like a unified picture by the memories and researches of Johnny—presumably the author himself.

Louis Bromfield

There is no reason to question the sincerity of Mr. Bromfield's message. In a preface addressed to his three daughters, now in French schools, he says that this novel sketches conditions before 1914, which they will never know at first hand, and which he begs them to ponder. The Valley of Democracy, which was shaped by Anglo-Saxons, equipped to build up a sturdy, accomplished civilization from the rich soil and ingratiating landscapes, was debased, we learn, by a tribe of money-grabbing shopkeepers, politicians, and industrialists who throve on the philosophy that the abundant natural resources of the country must be developed with all speed, regardless of what happened to the country, provided the profits came their way.

* * *

America Through Women's Eyes. Edited by Mary R. Beard (New York: The Macmillan Company; $3.50). The title of Mrs. Beard's volume, of which she modestly calls herself merely the editor, is most inviting. Who would not like to know what the distinctively feminine attitude toward American life may be? Mrs. Beard's work does not quite justify the title. What she does succeed in showing very clearly is that women, whether as home-builders or as representatives of various other enterprises, have exerted enormous influence throughout the centuries and not merely since the rise of feminism. "Makers of modern history-books," says the author, "usually frame their narratives and social patterns as if there were but one world, the 'man's world,' shaped by military leaders, politicians, and business adventurers." Even feminists, she says, "generally entertain this half-view of reality." It is time, she thinks, that such a view should be corrected in the minds of both sexes. So in support of her thesis she furnishes a remarkably interesting selection of letters, journals, and articles reflecting women's activities.

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HE ALWAYS BROUGHT HOME PRESENTS . . . AND AN ATTACK OF

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

IT was always a happy evening when dad got home from a trip. There were candy or flowers for mother—new toys for the youngsters—and something else that he wouldn't *intentionally* wish on the family for worlds.

In his shoes he carried home a stealthy infection that spread tiny itching, watery blisters and *itching* to every toe in the house.

Don't You Infect Others

You can pick up "Athlete's Foot" in the most spotless bathrooms and showers of the best hotels—in clubs or locker-rooms—anywhere that bare feet walk on wet floors. *And you can spread it in your own bathroom.*

Better examine your toes tonight. Is the skin turning red in spots? Are there blotches of dead white skin, stickily moist? Blisters? Skin cracks?

Start using Absorbine Jr. at once—for these are the warnings of "Athlete's Foot."

Absorbine Jr. Kills the Germ

"Athlete's Foot" is so difficult to kill that socks must be *boiled* 15 minutes to kill the germs once lodged there.

Laboratory and clinical tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached, without harming delicate tissues.

Don't risk imitations! Beware of weak and worthless imitations which have flooded the market to trade upon the proved success of Absorbine Jr. When you fail to stop "Athlete's Foot" it can run into even more dangerous infections. Thousands of grateful letters say Absorbine Jr. gets results. All druggists sell it, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, sunburn, sleeplessness

On the Screen

When in doubt, the cinema goes in for all-star casts. In the case of "Grand Hotel," the original example of the screen as a vehicle for an actor's side-show, the picture was transformed into a histrionic field-day because so many film firms had imitated the plot idea of the play that the producers realized that only a carnival of acting personalities could make up for the familiarity of the work. Now the same organization which made "Grand Hotel," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has employed a similar method in the screen version of the successful Kaufman-Ferber stage play, **Dinner at Eight,** and the reason seems equally valid. As even its admirers realized, "Dinner at Eight" was not so much a play, in the academic sense, as a shrewd and expert show. Describing in what amounted to a series of separate episodes, the various problems, comic and tragic, of a group of people invited to a dinner party, the drama lacked any great sense of form or of building up to a climax, and depended upon its individual adventures and the interest of its briefly-etched characterizations for its success.

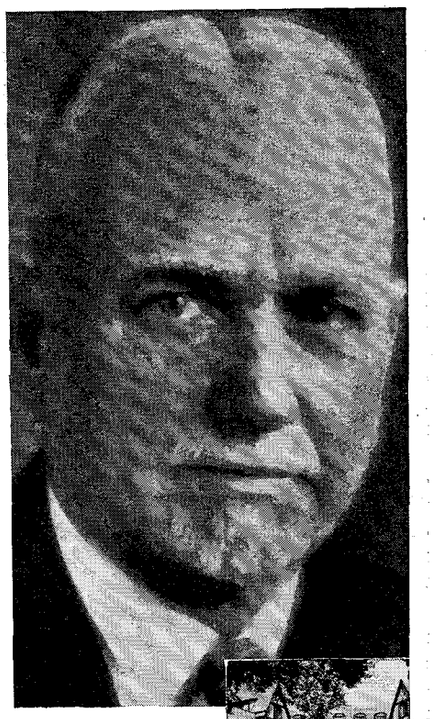
The film producers have wisely seen that the simplest way to keep an audience interested in a tale wherein the episodes are more important than the whole, is to offer a constant and lavish succession of stars. The result in this case is a lively and amusing show, entertainingly acted. In the screen version, Lionel Barrymore and Billie Burke are the hosts. Marie Dressler is the veteran stage star from Edwardian days, John Barrymore is the passé movie actor who kills himself, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery are the vulgar couple from the West, Lee Tracy is the movie actor's embittered agent; Edmund Lowe is the philandering doctor, and Madge Evans is the daughter of the host. All of them offer excellent portrayals, but it is Miss Harlow, as the rich Westerner's blatant and unfaithful wife, who offers the most memorable performance of all the famous company.

Voltaire—The whimsical adventures of sweet old Daddy Voltaire, in a stuffy and unconvincing costume picture, wherein George Arliss fails most disappointingly to impersonate the great skeptic with any trace of the proper biting wit.

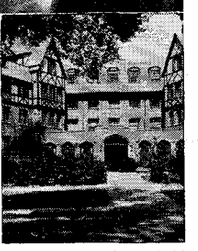
Turn Back the Clock—A lively combination of the ideas of "Berkeley Square" and "One Sunday Afternoon," in which Lee Tracy, who believes he has married the wrong girl, has a chance to live his life over again, and learns that he did right in the first place. Madé entertaining chiefly by Mr. Tracy's performance.

This Day and Age—A wild melodrama in which Cecil De Mille tells us that we will never get rid of the gangsters until the high-school boys and girls form themselves into vigilance committees and ride the miscreants around town on a rail.

ARGUS.



Mr. George A. Chritton, President of the Board of the Baptists' Old Peoples Home, Maywood, Illinois, and the Chicago Foundlings home.

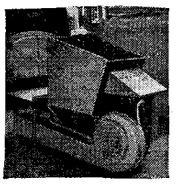


Baptists' Old Peoples Home, Maywood, Illinois.

IRON FIREMAN savings help finance these institutions

● At the Baptists' Old Peoples Home, Maywood, Illinois, and the Chicago Foundlings Home, Chicago, Iron Fireman automatic coal firing has been installed. For 2 years the Chicago Foundlings Home has enjoyed a fuel cost saving of $700 a year. In 2 years this has amounted to $1400—*a substantial contribution to this worthy institution!* In the Baptists' Old Peoples Home, where Iron Fireman has operated for 4 years, a very substantial saving in fuel costs has also been made.

"We made a good investment when we purchased these machines," says Mr. Chritton, President of the Board of both institutions.



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The Week in Business—Adjustment

By Endicott G. Rich

ADJUSTMENT to new conditions created by national recovery efforts continues to occupy business. These conditions, encountered close at hand, are disclosing difficulties which were not apparent, or appeared less grave, in the perspective of long-distance planning.

This is the opinion of some of the most competent of business commentators who thus account for the failure of business to reverse the recession which set in at the end of last July. Up to that time the course of business had been almost steadily upward, since the conclusion of the bank holiday, to a level within 17.8 per cent. of normal. From this peak it has dropped away to a point 19.0 per cent. below its goal.

The opinion is a consensus of a score or more of the nation's best-known economists and financial authorities. It is an average of their views, weighted in accord with their records for accurate observation. It is, by no means, a unanimous opinion.

Obstacles Encountered

The difficulties seen by this majority view arise from the dislocation of long-established relations between and within industries, due to the inability of the National Recovery Administration to make its program effective in all fields at the same time. They include such factors as:

The attitude of labor which business believes is being misled into expecting more than it can receive.

The failure of commercial banking to cooperate, by a more liberal loan policy, in the application of code standards which temporarily increase the operating costs of industry and business and make necessary the greater use of credit.

The inability of small businesses to conform to Administration requirements without unforeseen hardship.

The rise of commodity prices in advance of relative increase in income which, it is feared, will tend to alienate popular support of the recovery movement.

The likelihood, only now becoming apparent, that application of government standards may result in dismissals instead of increased employment by industries which, because of locality, previously enjoyed labor advantages.

The majority view is that business, in these conditions, is unwilling, rather than unable, to resume its forward movement. Then, too, say these observers, the procedure of creating codes under the National Industrial Recovery Act puts a premium upon this course, for it invites business to devote to tactics and strategy time which, if employed in business promotion, might well start business ahead again. In illustration they cite the success of the automobile industry in including in its code an amendment to the labor clause, which constitutes a signal departure from an Administration policy responsible for a wide-spread fear that business was to be delivered into the hands of labor in the New Deal.

Another Point of View

Dissenting from this view that there is anything voluntary about the present course of business are two distinguished authorities whose opinions are universally held in high regard. They see the whole industrial and agricultural recovery effort as a valiant undertaking unfortunately based upon misunderstanding of the forces which occasioned the depression, and which may be expected to make for recovery.

Put as briefly as possible, the belief of these authorities is that the depression was brought on by a sudden falling off in the production of producers' goods and durable consumption goods, instead of a curtailment in the purchase of consumers' goods. The former comprise such items as iron and steel, ores and coal, lumber and cement, automobiles and furniture. The last two are examples of durable consumption goods. The others are producers' goods through the use of which consumers' goods are created. The latter consist of food, clothing, tobacco products and other such items as are rapidly consumed.

Consequently, efforts to increase consumer purchasing power are attacking the problem at the wrong end, the minority view holds, and can be effective only over a long period of time, if at all: that is, provided purchasing power can be maintained at the levels sought by the Administration—an accomplishment of which these authorities are skeptical, to say the least. Then a beneficent circle might be created by which consumption of consumers' goods would set up a requirement for more production, thus give rise to the creation of producers' goods and so, by increasing employment and payrolls, increase consumer demand and complete the circle. Even if ultimately successful, these authorities believe, the result would be deferred too long to be of notable assistance in the condition in which they now see business.

In support of this contention that producers' goods and durable consumption goods fell off far more than consumers' goods, statistics are presented to show that there were drops in the production of iron and steel of 83 per cent.; lumber, 71 per cent.; automobiles, 78 per cent.; bituminous coal, 55 per cent.; shipments of iron-ore, 94 per cent., and zinc and lead production, 72 per cent.

On the other hand, the figures show that consumers' goods remained reasonably staple and the standard of living declined less than 10 per cent. throughout the depression.

Stability of the Dollar

From these widely divergent view-points, these authorities, together with the proponents of the majority opinion, arrive at an immediate consideration of dollar stability. Current comment among the majority reiterates the contention frequently heard at the time Congress invested the President with inflationary power, that no prolonged or healthy business recovery can be looked for until the dollar is fixed at some permanent level.

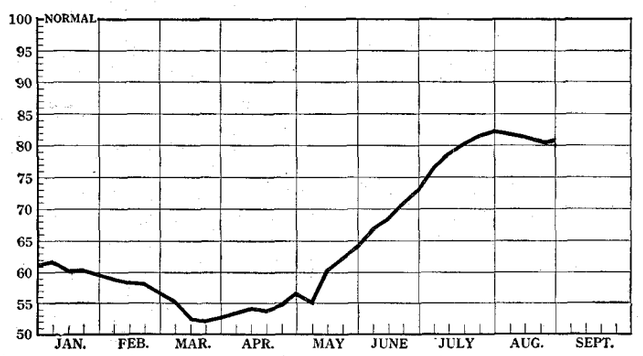
It is the idea of permanency rather than the particular level that matters, for business hestitates to make commitments without knowledge of the sort of dollars it must use to settle its obligations.

The minority view is even more insistent upon a prompt determination and announcement of a national monetary policy. The creation of capital, or producers', goods requires the employment of private capital. Such production must be financed by security issues, and banking opinion is agreed that no issue can be successfully floated until there is a return of confidence among investors.

And confidence implies a knowledge of the kind of dollars that will be returned to lenders as interest and in retirement of their claims.

In connection with the dollar's present unsettlement, the observation is recorded by one authority that the security markets seem to be achieving an increasing independence of the dollar's vagaries, and to be evidencing a keener sympathy to the fluctuations of the commodity markets.

The recent course of the stock and bond markets and corresponding movements in the quotations for grain and cotton are cited in support of this contention.



THE COURSE OF BUSINESS

This graph is a composite of several well-known weekly indices of business activity. The curve has been corrected for secular trend and for seasonal fluctuations. In terms of percentage deviation from normal it records the actual course of business by weekly intervals throughout 1933 to date

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Jack-of-all-Trades Industry

The preparation of industrial codes presented complicated problems to some of our corporations engaged in highly diversified manufacturing activities. For instance, the E. I. Dupont de Nemours Company found that it was interested in the preparation of codes for all these industries:

Chemicals, dyestuffs, rubber proofers, photographic manufacturing, rayon, viscose extrusion (cellophane), chlorin, zinc, explosives, sodium phosphate, small arms and ammunition, cutlery, paints, varnishes and lacquers, leather cloth and lacquered fabrics, pigments and dry colors; plastics, automobile rubber fabrics manufacturing, window-shade cloth and window-shade rollers; book cloth and impregnated fabrics; reclamation; brush manufacturing; backing industry (reenforcement of fabrics and leathers for remanufacture); printing, retail stores, building management, hotels, bronze powder, and nitrogen.

Then, for instance, there is the Armstrong Cork Company, which finds itself associated with fifteen different trade groups. Besides the five divisions of the Cork Institute of America, the Lancaster concern will be associated with such groups as the Linoleum Felt Base Manufacturers Association, the Crown Cap Manufacturers Association, the Insulation Board Institute, the Asbestos Institute and the Asphalt Tile Manufacturers Association.

Other concerns are making a variety of products which would probably surprize most of their stockholders, as a writer for the Consolidated Press notes. For instance, the Peerless Motorcar Corporation has announced that it will go into the manufacture of beer.

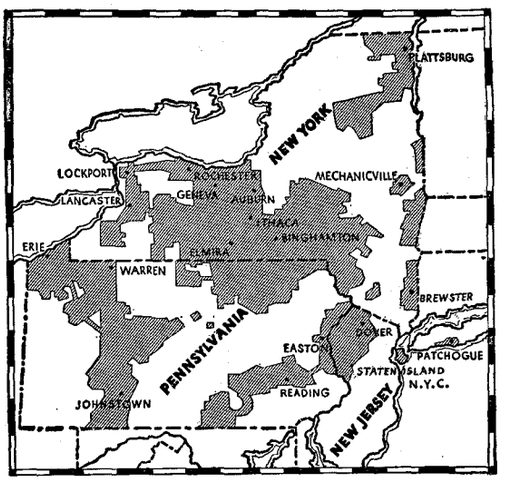
The Simmons Company, usually thought of in connection with beds and bedding, also makes shirts and flannels.

The Glidden Company, maker of paints and varnishes, is now engaged in various food lines, including several different types of salad dressings.

Why Russian Bonds Sell Here

Without any great advertising campaign, a $7,000,000 issue of Soviet Russian government bonds is now selling very well, financial writers report. In spite of the antipathy to all things Russian in conservative financial circles, there is a brisk demand for the bonds, which, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, amazes even the sellers. In the opinion of this newspaper:

There are good psychological reasons why Soviet Russia should not default on its obligations if it can help it, aside from the fact that Russia would like to obtain some needed capital. Russia is in the position of endeavoring to prove to the world that she is just as capable and honest as other nations are supposed to be, and hence might be disposed to keep paying on an obligation beyond the point where other nations might decide to default.



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From Our Readers to Our Readers

Slot-Machine Evil Curbed in Alabama

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—Your article, August 19 issue, "Gambling Slot-Machines That Swallow Millions," will perform the highly useful and important service of calling attention to the most outrageous form of robbery that exists.

If every State in the Union will adopt the Alabama anti-gambling slot-machine law, which is printed in the General Acts of Alabama, 1931, at pages 806-809, the slot-machine gambling evil will be a thing of the past.

ALEXANDER LILLINGTON.

Montgomery, Ala.

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—According to Wayne W. Parrish in his article, "Gambling Slot-Machine That Swallows Millions," in your edition of August 19, the mints found in these slot-machines are made of chalk. This might be true in very rare cases, but I have serious doubts and the statement should be corrected.

Slot-machine mints have been manufactured in our plant for the last ten years, and there has never been any chalk in any form used in their manufacture. I feel that Mr. Parrish has been misinformed about perfectly good merchandise which is sold through gambling machines. E. E. JOURDAN.

Oakland, Calif.

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—In the article, "Gambling Slot-Machines That Swallow Millions," appearing in THE LITERARY DIGEST of August 19, some one has slipped up. In a quotation from Prof. E. E. Free, of New York University, listing the chances that a slot-machine player has of winning, the article states: "When the player drops a coin he has one chance in 8⅓ of getting 2 slugs back; one chance in 12½ of getting 4 slugs back; one chance in 8⅓ of getting 8 slugs back, etc.

GRENVILLE E. LAWTON.

Thacker, W. Va.

[This was a typographical error. Professor Free calculates that the player has one chance in 83⅓ of getting 8 slugs back.—Ed.]

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—I should like to commend highly Wayne W. Parrish's article in the issue of August 19 entitled "Gambling Slot-Machines That Swallow Millions," in which Mr. Parrish has exposed another gangster activity. I hope that you will continue to devote space to the exposure of such corruption as this. It is really humanitarian.

ALLON L. WOLSEY.

Cape May, N. J.

Protests From Opposite Sides

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—In your August 19 issue you have an article purporting to be a review of Hitler's book, "Mein Kampf." In this so-called review, in my opinion, you attempt to glorify the greatest curse to civilization that ever existed or lived. To me that article is an absolute affront against Jewry.

JOE WAPNER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—THE LITERARY DIGEST is a pro-Jewish magazine, and therefore the public can not expect truthful news in it. OTTO R. MIX.

La Ceiba, Honduras.

Opposes Boycott of German Goods

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST for August 19, we find a letter by a Rabbi advocating a boycott on Germany. Since he has been allowed to throw his glove into this column, we will ask permission to pick it up. It is none of our business to interfere with Germany putting its own house in order. That some of our supposed citizens should undertake a private war upon another nation which has not done us any wrong is in our estimation condemnable and very un-American. N. A. LOVIK.

Kingston, Pa.

Not Bitter

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—Altho THE LITERARY DIGEST'S Prohibition poll probably made many votes for repeal, and altho this writer used his influence on the side of Prohibition—he is not bitter against your publication. Why should he be? He does not question the sincerity of those who publish THE LITERARY DIGEST. One can think THE DIGEST wrong on this great question without growing bitter at it. I shall continue to buy and read THE LITERARY DIGEST.

C. D. HOLE.

Salem, Ohio.

A Labor Official's Reply to Mr. Baier

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—I read with a great deal of interest the letter in the August 19 issue, by L. S. Baier of Milwaukie, Oregon, and could not resist the urge to reply. This reader must be terribly misinformed regarding the benefits of membership in a labor organization, which greatly outweigh the so-called graft.

According to this reader from Oregon, the dues paid in a labor union go only to pay salaries, whereas, as a matter of fact the money paid for dues goes to pay sick benefits of five to ten dollars a week and a death benefit of from $600 to $1,000. Many millions of dollars have been paid out in my own organization to sick members and to widows and children of deceased members. EDWARD E. WHIDDEN.

Past President, Plumbers' Union No. 12.

Boston, Mass.

"The Terrible Tyranny in Unions"

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—I am a member of a Carpenter union in New York City for over forty-one years, but have never found a better article in any magazine than that in your issue of August 19, entitled "A Blow at the Labor Barons," which was on the "From Our Readers to Our Readers" page. It is very true, and in reality, worse yet.

The poor workingmen have to pay dues for the high-salaried officers, and really haven't any protection from anywhere. It is a cry to heaven. A man can not say anything against the terrible tyranny in unions, and can not defend himself in shops when he must work so hard, nearly to insanity.

It is high time that one man such as L. S. Baier has the courage to put in writing what he stores in his mind. There are more such men, but who would protect them, were they to tell the truth? F. J. SIEGEL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

An Embargo on Exports and Imports

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—Millions are hungry for no other reason than that we have chosen to be internationalists to please a group of selfish exploiters who have "kidded" the public into believing that our prosperity depends upon producing for export. There never was a greater fallacy, for we can produce at home everything necessary for the highest standard of living that any people have ever enjoyed in the whole history of mankind.

The President has embarked upon a new policy of nationalism. . . . Congress has placed in his hands all the power necessary to impose embargoes and control all our internal economic relationships. Why not impose an embargo upon all exports and imports, guarantee employment to every American citizen to the extent that the requirements of production justify, eliminate profiteering and control distribution through strict governmental supervision? There can be no sense in going only half-way at a time like this even tho we must frankly admit that we have left all our old philosophies of government and private economics behind. C. E. HAGIE.

Western State College of Colo.

WE'RE ANXIOUS TO TURN THE CORNER, BUT—

—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News*

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—If it is morally and economically sound and right to kill and waste the flesh and hide of every third cow, so as to force up the price of milk and meat and leather to the deprivation of hungry and footsore human beings; if it is right to burn vacant dwellings to the end that landlords may increase the rents on those now occupied; if it is right to burn a part of our forests and lumber yards to make their products scarce and costly; then and then only it may be right to destroy one-third of a cotton crop that has been brought to bloom by back-breaking manual labor; otherwise, it appears to me like one of the greatest economic crimes ever sought to be perpetrated on the American people.

Limiting production, like birth control, is one thing; deliberate destruction of crops already made, or partly made, is, like criminal abortion, something entirely different.

If the sum of human experience has taught us anything in six thousand years, it is that the wilful waste of tangible property, while it may enrich an individual or a group of individuals, never has and never can enrich a nation.

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Dutch Elm Disease Warning

The Dutch elm disease has broken out anew in the United States, and all persons are asked by R. Kent Beattie, of the U. S. Bureau of Plant Industry, to watch local elms for symptoms of the disease. The present outbreak is in New Jersey, where sixty-nine infected trees have been found in Essex, Passaic and Hudson counties. Following a survey by Mr. Beattie, the Public Works Administration, acting under the National Industrial Recovery Act, has authorized the Department of Agriculture to spend $80,000 in combating the disease.

"Watch for wilting or yellow or brown leaves accompanied by brown streaks in the young wood," Mr. Beattie advises. "When such cases are found, cut pieces of the infected twigs as big as a lead pencil and send them to the Dutch Elm Disease Laboratory, care Experiment Station, Wooster, Ohio. If you are in the infected territory or its vicinity send your specimens to the Dutch Elm Disease Office, care Shade Tree Commission, City Hall, East Orange, New Jersey. There are other diseases with the same symptoms and we can not be sure of the cause of the trouble till the specimens have been cultured."

New Jersey State and local authorities are cooperating in an effort to prevent the spread of the disease. The Federated Garden Clubs of New Jersey have issued an emergency call for cooperation from members. A force of men is at work in the region inspecting trees.

According to *Science*, official publication of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Dutch elm disease is comparatively new in Europe. It was first discovered in The Netherlands in 1919, and has since spread to most of Europe. The American elm is particularly susceptible to injury, and there is danger that the disease will spread over the country, like the chestnut blight, which has killed practically all the chestnuts in the northeastern part of the United States since 1904.

Small outbreaks of the Dutch elm disease appeared in Cleveland and Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1930, but are now considered to be under control. The New Jersey outbreak is the most extensive so far discovered.

Every Inch a King

When, recently, King Gustav of Sweden celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, he found in his mail a letter which his dutiful secretary had left unopened, as it was marked "strictly private." It began:

"Darling.

"Can you meet me this evening at our usual rendezvous?"

As a Swedish diplomat tells Angus Quell, who gives the story to *Pearson's Weekly*, "King Gustav looked startled, and hastily glanced at the envelop. He saw it was addressed to a sailor on board the war-ship *Gustav V*.

"The King has a kind heart—and a sense of humor. So he dictated a telegram to the captain of the ship instructing him to grant the sailor leave for the evening."

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Easily Tempted.—"What are you taking for your dyspepsia?"

"Make me an offer."—*Boston Transcript.*

All Explained.—HUSBAND — "Who is that man?"

WIFE—"I don't know."

"But I heard you call him 'darling.'"

"I called him 'darling' because I do not know his name."—*Il Travaso (Rome).*

Union Rules. — KITCHENETTIE — "Why did you marry such a homely man?"

HUMIDORCAS—"He asked me, dearie."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Lure of a Close-Up.—WIFE—"I can read you like a book, John."

HUSBAND—"Why don't you, then? You skip what you don't like in a book, and linger over it in me."—*Boston Transcript.*

He Says a Mouthful.—It seems as tho this year the usual unusual weather has been more unusual than usual.—*Sam Hill in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Wings Over Hubby.—"From what I hear, your wife is a bit of an angel."

"Oh, rather. She's always going up in the air and harping on something or other!"—*Stuttgarter Illustrierte.*

Ticklish Subject. — "Every cloud has a silver lining," said the man who does not hesitate to intrude.

"What are you talking about now?" asked Senator Sorghum; "poetry, or the monetary situation?"—*Philander Johnson in the Washington Star.*

Alpine Journey.—"Does the giraffe get sore throat if he gets wet feet?"

"Yes, but not until the next week."—*Allt for Alla.*

Canine Erudition. — "Lay down, pup; lay down," ordered the man. "Good doggie—lay down, I say."

"You'll have to say, 'Lie down,' mister," declared a small bystander. "That's a Boston terrier."—*Tit-Bits.*

THEY SPOKE IN WHISPERS

"Who's the girl friend?"
"That's Joan. I've known her since she was so wide!"
—The Bulletin (Sydney, Australia)

More Leisured Life.—"You and your sister are twins, are you not?"

"We were in childhood. Now, however, she's five years younger than I."—*Answers.*

Loving Alibi.—MAGISTRATE (in London court)—"You admit tearing a handful of hair from your husband's head?"

DEFENDANT — "I wanted some to put in a locket."—*Boston Transcript.*

Shock to Refinement.—JASPER—"What made you leave Mrs. Blah's boarding-house after living there for three years?"

CASPER—"I found out they had no bathtub."—*American Magazine.*

Here's Your Hat.—HE—"Yes, I'm a traveling man."

SHE—"Good! Let's see how you do it."—*Answers.*

Hunger Strike.—Brahmins object to Gandhi's son marrying a Brahmin girl. Obviously their best course is to fast until he abandons the idea.—*Hongkong (South China) Morning Post.*

Saith the Oracle.—In darkest Africa two natives were watching a leopard chasing a large, fat man.

"Can you spot the winner?" asked one.

"The winner *is* spotted," replied the other.—*Epworth Herald.*

Stand It on Its Head.—"Have you any alarm-clocks?" inquired the customer. "What I want is one that will rouse father without waking the whole family."

"I don't know of any such alarm-clock as that, madam," said the shopkeeper. "We keep just the ordinary kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing father."—*Wheeler's Magazine.*

The Bird Speaks.—

Said the boss of his typist, Saphira,
Hard times will compel me to fire 'er.
Hugh Johnson said "phooey,
Cut out that blue hooey,
With NIRA
You HIRA
Not FIRA."

—*W. O. Stoddard in the Detroit Free Press.*

High Visibility.—OFFICE MANAGER—"Pardon me, young lady, but in the matter of your dress don't you think you could show a little more discretion?"

FLAPPER—"My gosh, some of you guys ain't never satisfied."—*Portland Oregonian.*

Price of Immortality.—"Did you know that I have taken up story-writing as a career?"

"No; sold anything yet?"

"Yes, my watch, my saxophone and my overcoat."—*Tit-Bits.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

New Deal.—Grave plot (Acacia Cemetery) for good used car.—*Seattle paper.*

New Wonder of Nature.—Dog That Bit Two Men Found to Have Babies.—*Paterson (N. J.) paper.*

Big Hoochy Koochy.—

MORE THAN 3,000 LOINS
CONVENE IN ST. LOUIS

Middletown (Conn.) paper.

Mum's the Word.—H. E. K——, the tombstone man, was in town this week visiting his family and incidentally transacting a little business. While here he was seen in earnest consulation with Coupeville doctors.—*Coupeville (Wash.) paper.*

Came the Dawn.—Her pigeon gray eyes, almost black from excitement, sparkled like jewels—and her cheeks, usually ivory colored, were faintly flushed. She stood five pounds. She surveyed herself in the feet one inch tall and weighed 105 long mirror in the bathroom door.—*New Haven paper.*

Commendable Candor.—$125, 1929 roadster—Looks good. Mechanically in very good condition. This car will not last long.—*Sioux City paper.*

Queen of the Amazons.—Miss Dorothy K—— is claimed by beauty experts to have the smallest waist of any girl in the Screen Colony. Her waist measurement is only 21 inches in diameter.—*Baltimore (Md.) paper.*

Lawful Whoopee.—

This Information Is Intended for Your Greater Enjoyment

In complying with the requirements of the law, I can not serve beer after 1 a.m. (12 o'clock on Saturday nights).

Kindly call the waiter on your station before one o'clock and he will serve you six bottles packed in ice at the regular bill of fare price. Put your bucket under the table—the Inn is open until 2 o'clock and I want you to have a nice party.

Any one not conducting themself as a lady or gentleman will be asked to leave.
—*Card in a Denver Roadhouse.*

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